

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 861.

SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1913.

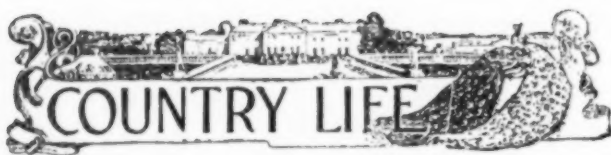
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.  
PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.]



VAL L'ESTRANGE.

LADY PETRE.

135, Sloane Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE GREATER AGRICULTURE.

UNDER this title Mr. W. J. Malden of Etchingham, Sussex, who is well entitled to write on the subject, contributes a very striking paper to the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is not in the slightest degree political or concerned with economical or other theories. If we were asked to put a long article into a nutshell, we would summarise it as a plea for using agriculture, not for the sake of the faddist, but for the manufacture of food. Mr. Malden looks at every farm as a great food factory, and it seems as ridiculous to him that people should advocate small holdings and spade husbandry as it would be for a cotton-spinner to go back to the hand-loom. His opinions about small holdings will startle many of those who advocate them.

"Unfortunately," he says, "small holdings have become a matter for party politicians to juggle with, and their economic value has been placed in a distorted manner before the public." He recalls the fact that when the Small Holdings Act was passed, farmers were reproached with selfishness because they regarded the issue as very doubtful, to say the least. He also reminds his readers that small holdings in England are no new thing, and that every farmer of age and experience has witnessed the hard and penurious struggle of men trying to earn a livelihood from a small patch of ground. "Nothing that has been done," says Mr. Malden, "leads to the hope that the indiscriminate parcelling out of the land into small lots generally throughout the country is for the individual's or the country's benefit." He gets at the very root of a popular fallacy when he shows how small holding is confounded with intensive cultivation; whereas the best intensive cultivation is done on a very large scale. Fruit growing under glass and market gardening, where they succeed, are done with a tremendous amount of capital. He disposes of French gardening with the remark that growing lettuces, bulbs and minor crops, which merely meet the calls of luxury, is all right as far as it goes, but the demand is necessarily small and soon fulfilled.

It must not be thought from this that Mr. Malden's paper is merely destructive in spirit. On the contrary, it very powerfully advocates a decided policy, and this policy has its key in the following sentence: "What is needed to give substantial aid is that which affects millions of acres out of the fifty-six millions utilised in Great Britain." In other words, it is farming on a great scale. He points out the great changes which have taken place in English agriculture without attracting much notice except on the part of those who are experts. As an instance, he refers to the unsatisfactory condition of the oat crop. After 1879 the cheapness of wheat caused many farmers to substitute oats for that crop. The result is that now much land has grown oat-sick. In other words, it has grown oats too frequently, and has become infested with eelworms, so that "tulip root" has ruined thousands of acres for this crop. Too frequently cropping also has encouraged the frit-fly. Along with these disadvantages has come a shortened demand for oats owing to the general substitution of mechanical for horse-power, and at the same time new land in foreign countries is often very well situated to oat-growing, so that there is always cheap importation. To miss a great deal of argument and come to the substance of the paper, what Mr. Malden means by the greater agriculture is: (1) Potato-growing, which he supports not only for the food supply, but for the production of alcohol as a motive power for internal-combustion engines and for by-products for cattle food. (2) Sugar beet for the manufacture of sugar and by-products for cattle food. (3) Motor tractors on the land, utilising in peace-time alcohol for agricultural purposes; using stored alcohol for farm, industrial and military traction in war-time. (4) The manufacture of nitrogen from air manures, the object of this being "to ensure a sufficiency of manure in peace and war at moderate outlay; to place a check on the powerful combines controlling nitrogenous manures, which, owing to combinations, are rapidly rising in price, and with greater calls would be so high that the industries on the farm would not be able to use them profitably." The connection between these units is thus shown: "(1) Potato spirit and motors are directly associated. (2) Potato-growing and beet-growing lend themselves to an easy association tending to their cheaper growth, as well as to the better manipulation of the crop, than is possible where they are grown independently. (3) Motor tractors are eminently suited to work the land deeply for these crops; also for hauling crops to factories, and for general haulage work. (4) Manure beyond that at present made on the farm is imperative. The supply of town manure diminishes rapidly with the displacement of horses by motors. Manure manufacture must not be left in the hands of the strong combines, which are antagonistic to agriculture."

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait this week is of Lady Petre, formerly Miss Catherine Boscawen, only daughter of the Hon. John and Lady Margaret Boscawen, who married Lionel George Carroll Petre, sixteenth baron, on June 28th.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES.



**L**ORD LANSDOWNE will probably derive from Mr. Hugh Aronson's letter in our "Correspondence" pages instruction of a kind not intended by the writer. The latter is under the domination of catch word such as "the feudal spirit" and the "tied house." By his argument elementary schoolmasters must groan under the feudal system because they live in rent-free cottages to which they are "tied." When a railway company provides houses for its staff, is it treating them as cattle? The phrase "tied cottage" is a very silly one—it might be applied to any dwelling let on a half-yearly or yearly tenancy. In point of fact, where agricultural labourers are best off, that is to say, in the North of England, they are tied by an engagement of twelve months, and usually tied to live in a cottage for the same period. Yet they are the most migratory, because they are in the habit of changing farms every May term, and thus they secure ten times the independence of the less enterprising Southern labourer, who clings to his little village. Of course, our remarks were intended to apply exclusively to agricultural workers. A totally different problem arises in regard to the miscellaneous village population. Mr. Aronson's village statistics are valuable and interesting. But surely the roadmen, chauffeurs, grooms and gardeners, mill-hands and bakers, even the coal carter, ought to be able to take care of themselves. What wages are they getting, and how do they compare with those paid last year?

We imagine that Mr. Aronson's village is situated in the County of Hertfordshire, and if so, it would indeed be interesting to have full details as to the progress that is being made. Are the labourers in the way of working out their own salvation or are they not? We remember some months ago Lord Salisbury himself made a reference to labourers receiving twelve shillings a week. Now, a personal friend of the writer of this note is dealing with the case practically at this very moment. He has bought a little estate of some five or six hundred acres, which he is going to cultivate, beginning on September 20th. Indeed, he has taken over some of the land already, and has therefore come face to face with the facts. Labour is both dear and difficult to obtain. His offer to the men was a pound a week in cash, and they want a cottage as well. It has been most difficult to find hands for saving the enormous crop of hay this year. During the winter there were scarcely any applicants for jobs with the steam threshing-machines—a sure indication that employment is fairly plentiful. These being the facts, is it not evident that the men are getting into a very strong and independent position?

Mrs. Cloudeley Brereton gives employers of labour some valuable advice in a letter which she has sent to the "Times Educational Supplement." She might have chosen for her text the old saw about square pegs and round holes. It is often said that parents and guardians do not exercise sufficient care in finding for children the places most suitable to them. Mrs. Brereton holds that the employers are also to blame, because "the raw material for their mancraft is picked up in a way they would never dream of picking up material for their looms and furnaces." She describes various schemes where

vocational education is given. For instance, the one started under the guidance of Sir Corbet Woodall, Governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company. In this the lads pass a novitiate under experienced foremen, working on materials that are actually to be used in the homes of the public and not on mere apparatus made to perfect their technical skill and afterwards to be cast on the scrap heap. Every employer of labour might, in his own way, humble or otherwise, do much to make his men more efficient by choosing very carefully as beginners only those who have a capacity fitting them for his particular craft.

Anybody who wanted further evidence of the popularity of lawn tennis to-day should have been at Wimbledon on Monday afternoon to see the match in the semi-final of the championship between Mr. McLoughlin, the young American champion, and Mr. Parke, the Irishman who earned undying fame last winter by conquering the great Mr. Norman Brookes in Australia, and added to it the other day by beating Mr. Wilding in a Northern tournament. Never was there such an air of only partially suppressed excitement, never such a crowd at Wimbledon. All round the court the spectators stood in rows several deep, enduring agonies of heat and cramp, waiting for the great game to begin. It is no disparagement to Mrs. Macnair and Mrs. Sterry, who fought out a most gallant and long-drawn-out tussle beforehand, running to vantage games in the last set, to say that the onlookers would have been only too delighted for either lady to win if only they would make way for the two gentlemen who were to succeed them. Of the four left in for the semi-final one (Mr. Kreuzer) was a German, one (Mr. McLoughlin) an American, one (Mr. Doust) an Australian, so that Mr. Parke was the remaining hope of the British Isles.

When at last the match did begin it was tremendously exciting, and yet in one sense it was disappointing. Mr. Parke is a very fine player, but from the very beginning it seemed too much to hope that he should win. Mr. McLoughlin's service was so fast and kicked so terrifically, his second service was so little behind the first, and he so promptly up at the net after it like a flash of lightning that he seemed always certain to win his service game. Mr. Parke, try he never so gamely, was always bound to lose a service game now and again, and then, although he drove magnificently, and in the back-hand strokes at least had something the best of his adversary, the set appeared as good as over. And so, indeed, it proved; Mr. McLoughlin had just the inside turn and won three sets in succession, never easily, and yet always, as it seemed, with something in hand. More glorious serving and volleying it would be hard to imagine, and if the spectators were disappointed they, at any rate, recognised the splendour of the conqueror's play. Mr. McLoughlin had no difficulty in defeating Mr. Doust in the final on Wednesday by three sets to love.

## THE ANALYST.

Armoured in arrogance of youth.

You look on life, assaying her,  
Swear lightly this or that for truth  
Instancing her your arbiter,  
And coldly measure her.

She stands before you mute, her arm  
Hiding the laughter of her face,  
You register this frail alarm,  
And moralise the modest grace  
That here has dwelling-place.

Oh youth, beware the day when she,  
No longer patient of your jests,  
Covers your calm with mockery,  
Confronts you with her blood's behests  
And most bewildering breasts.

JOHN DRINKWATER

Under any circumstances much sympathetic interest would be excited by the serious illness of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, but the circumstances under which his intestinal trouble was either developed or received are such as to lend peculiar pathos to the occurrence. After many years' abstention from his favourite game Mr. Lyttelton on Wednesday played in a match got up for charitable purposes. It was characteristic of him to do his very best. He stayed in longer than anybody else, and very nearly attained his century, but at what cost! Whatever may have been the true cause of his illness, it necessitated a serious operation, and until he is out of danger his case will be watched with the sympathetic eyes of that wide circle who

have become interested in Mr. Alfred Lyttelton since he began to take a leading part in public affairs. Sportsmen have always known and loved him.

The question of the best kind of food to give to trout in waters where they are nursed and looked after is one that a good many people in the country are asking themselves at the present time. The usual thing to provide them with is butchers' refuse or horse-flesh, and it is asserted that in this carnivorous fashion they fare better and put on weight more quickly than with any other kind of nutriment. It is almost beyond dispute, however, that it has the great disadvantage of making their flesh very unpalatable. An alternative food is to be procured from Grimsby, and very possibly from other big centres of our fish supply, in the form of small sea fish for which there is no demand as human food. Really these are no more than the fry of larger fish, and it is to be regretted that they should not be allowed to remain in the sea to assist in providing our national fish food supply when they come to maturity. But since they have to be killed, incidentally on other fishing operations, it is better that they should serve as trout food than that they should be wasted, and if the trout on this cannibal diet do not put on condition so quickly as when fed on horseflesh, it is certain that they are much more edible.

Our readers, particularly those who are most directly interested in the Officers' Training Corps competition, will have heard with the greatest regret of the accident to Major Meiklejohn. At the moment of writing he is still unconscious, but we earnestly hope that he will recover. A correspondent who was present describes the accident in a way that shows a fine heroism to have been exhibited by Major Meiklejohn. He accompanied the inspecting officer, Brigadier-General Henderson, in his inspection of the London University Officers' Training Corps in Hyde Park on Saturday afternoon. His horse, under some excitement, which is not described, bolted and Major Meiklejohn, who has only one arm, was evidently afraid that it might dash into the crowd and do fatal mischief, wherefore he gallantly steered it towards the park railings, which it attempted to jump. It came down heavily on its head and broke its neck, and Major Meiklejohn also was thrown on his head, sustaining what is feared to be a fracture of the skull. If this account be true, as we think it is, there have been few nobler acts recorded.

If the story told by Mrs. Mildmay of the longshore fishermen in Start Bay, South Devon, be correct, energetic measures should be taken to deal with the trawlers. The writer says that the men live entirely by catching crabs and lobsters, and they have been reduced to destitution by the extent to which trawlers, defying the by-law of the Devon Sea Fisheries Committee, trawl upon their fishing ground. In doing this they sweep away or destroy the pots and gear of the longshore fishermen. One man told the writer, who claims to have verified the tale, that he had lost sixty crab pots last season with their gear. The value of each he averaged at about six shillings and sixpence, so that the loss was very serious indeed to one whose earnings at the best are but slender. Mrs. Mildmay's appeal is for contributions to replace the lost lobster pots. They should be sent to Mr. F. B. Mildmay at the House of Commons. But the worst of it is that a similar state of things is prevalent on the East as well as the South coast.

Now that our gardens are at the zenith of their beauty and interest, it is fitting that we spare a thought to those who have in the past, directly or indirectly, given us many of the beautiful fruits and flowers that we now enjoy. At the annual festival dinner held in London last week in aid of the funds of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution, the hon. treasurer, Sir Harry J. Veitch, drew a vivid but by no means imaginary picture of the destitution of many aged or infirm gardeners, or the widows of gardeners, for whose benefit the Institution exists. In spite of increasing subscriptions each year, there are still many thoroughly deserving candidates who cannot be put on the funds because sufficient money is not available. The plight of these aged or infirm gardeners has not been brought about through any fault of their own.

His Majesty the King is to be congratulated, among many other successes at the Bristol Royal Show, in winning the championship in Shorthorn cows with Windsor Belle. It was a great feat, because cattle was a particularly strong feature of the exhibition. But the pastures at Windsor appear to be particularly well adapted to the feeding of a winning type of heifer. Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. scored many famous successes with the Windsor heifers. On another page

will be found a condensed list of the other principal championships. They show how keen is the competition among breeders of pedigree stock. In the Shire classes a different complexion was given by the fact that Lord Rothschild was a much less formidable competitor than usual owing to the depletion of his stud at the now famous Spring Sale. The horses were, on the whole, hardly up to the Doncaster standard, but the cattle particularly surpassed those of any recent show—they were, of course, excluded from Doncaster. It was the more remarkable because of the astonishingly large number of beasts shipped for abroad since the embargo was removed. The extent of the British possession in cattle could scarcely be more effectively illustrated.

A renewed effort is being made, by the drafting of a Parliamentary Bill, to rouse interest in the registration of architects. As things are, anyone may call himself architect, and plunge into the profession without possessing any education whatever in this most exacting art. The general public is not protected from such unqualified and incompetent persons. Architects have the spending of vast sums of public money, and their work intimately affects not only our health and comfort, but the artistic amenities of civic and private life. We are protected by law from unqualified doctors and lawyers, and it is proposed that the law shall also provide that architects shall satisfy a statutory body of their fitness before they are allowed to practice.

The situation bristles with difficulties, because architecture is first of all an art, and the examination-room is not the best place to test artistic proficiency. It seems reasonable, however, that some definite standard of efficiency in scientific knowledge and practical skill shall be recognised. Such a standard exists in the examinations of the bodies which represent the profession, and it is claimed that they should be endowed with legal sanction. Some foreign countries and British colonies have already established registration, and its adoption in this country should do much to hasten the establishment of architectural education on sound lines. Due regard must necessarily be given to the claims of men already in practice, to the allied professions of engineering and surveying and to the building interests, but these points are capable of adjustment. There is a certain jealousy of "close" professions, but if it can be proved that the status of the art of architecture can be raised by registration, the lay public will be the gainers in the long run.

#### A VILLAGE IDYLL.

The farmer's wife has gone to town  
In flowered hat and Sunday gown,  
Her golden butter and eggs two score,  
Sufficient to pay the rent and more,  
But alas and alack! for the trouble when  
The farmer's wife comes home again.

The village sleeps, for 'tis market day,  
And over the stile down yonder way  
Leaps blue-eyed Roger, the miller's son,  
Blithe and gay and twenty-one.  
For the farmer's daughter is fair to see,  
Simple and sweet as the rosemary.

The lilac waves in the scented air;  
The cuckoo calls and the dell is near;  
The pigs may grunt for their food delayed;  
The churn may wait for a hand that is stayed.  
For a plighted troth makes a secret known  
While the farmer's wife has gone to town.

HERBERT FORWARD.

Sir Thomas Jackson's informal report on the condition of St. Paul's Cathedral will do little to allay the growing anxiety as to the safety of the fabric. Sir Francis Fox and Mr. Macartney are doing all that seems possible to solidify the loose rubble of walls and piers by grouting them with liquid cement, but it is doubtful how far that will remove the danger. The present weakness dates from the laying of a deep sewer in the water-logged sand beneath the clay bed on which Wren made his foundations. The disturbance of this sand, which may be and probably is still continuing, has caused cracks in the dome piers. Sir Thomas Jackson wisely dismisses the underpinning of foundations as a solution, and seems to rely on an extension of the present remedies whereby the fabric may be, in effect, turned into a monolith, and thus sink further, if that is inevitable, without rupture.

## SHEEP IN THE SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

CAN anyone fancy a typical British landscape in July, the thermometer at eighty-two in the shade, and no sheep? In the low-lying country the very presence of a flock seems to add to the heat. They march along the highway panting and jostling one another, curious combinations of fatness and energy, raising as they go a white cloud of dust visible at a great distance, so that a Don Quixote of the hour might very well be excused for mistaking them for a marching army. In the fields they seek to take advantage of every inch of shade, pressing close to the hedgerow or extending themselves within the vale of shadows

cast by any tree, however thin and bare it may be. To look upon them is inevitably to feel a repugnance to action and to imitate the silly creatures as far as one can. Yet by a strange coincidence they suggest coolness, too. Whoever has been in the habit of seeing the sun rise, or even of following him closely, knows how cool and happy the sheep are in the early morning. Every individual must speak from his own recollection, and the thought of sheep on a summer morning carries the mind of the writer back to very early days. In a hot, dry summer the trout of the hill-brooks could only be obtained in those cool hours that immediately precede and follow the



IN SUMMER-TIME.

dawn and the sunset. What a fresh and shining world one had to traverse between three and four in the morning! The dew glittered on the corn and the grass. If the day were to be really fine, it was customary to say that the highest hill rose with his nightcap on, and in those tender dawns peace seemed to reign over the whole countryside. The rabbits were out nibbling at the grass and the young merely raised their little ears in alarm as the human stranger passed; that is to say, if he were going obviously about his own business. If he made an

point to rest were now being chivied downward by the shepherd, the earliest rising of all the rustic crew. The sheep were too much accustomed to him to be flurried or frightened. They moved downhill industriously feeding, no sound coming from them except the soft grinding of their teeth as they munched the grass.

At night it was very different. When they were going up to their places of rest, their shrill bleating sounded from far and near. It is the nature of most things to give voice



CHANGING QUARTERS.

approach to them, or if they had reason to suspect a gun, it was astonishing how quickly they dived into their holes. On the farm places passed on the way to the fishing all was still and quiet, for at that hour the horse-keeper had not yet awakened to feed his charges, and the good wife and the good man were snoring among the blankets; only the chickens and ducks came out and made that unregarded cackle about the farmyard which is so great an annoyance to the cockney visitor. A considerable height had to be crossed, and over it an eternal wind blew cold. The sheep that had gone up to the highest

when they go to sleep. A well-known Victorian poet used to hold most strenuously that the most unsentimental person was apt to bleat in the delicious hour which comes between dusk and darkness. For it is to be noted that the cry of the sheep has come to be associated in meaning very closely with sentimentalism. To howl like a dog is to express the suffering of real pain; to bellow like a bull is to show fury; to crow like a cock is to be vain and triumphant; to squeak like a mouse is to be petty; but to bleat like a sheep is, indeed, as we have said, to be sentimental. It is when they are going to bed that they are



W. Clayden.

A DUSTY ROAD.

Copyright.

most so, or it may be that they arrest the attention most in the evening. We are talking chiefly about mountain sheep, and it is impossible to deny how much they differ from their fat brethren whom we see panting along the road or under the trees. The true mountaineer becomes by exposure and exercise as thin as a rake and as active as a deer. How often has hillside fishing been interrupted because part of a flock wishes to change its quarters and either wades the stream in single file or jumps it. We have never, by the by, found a satisfactory explanation of the fact that sheep are so desperately inclined to follow the example of their leader. If you put up a walking-stick before a flock when they are being hurried, if one jumps the others will jump likewise when they come to the same place; even if you take the stick away and there is no impediment, they will continue to follow the example of those in front and exactly at the same place as they did. We have heard the explanation that sheep in their natural habitat are often the prey of serpents,

and that this blind imitation is really not so blind as it seems, but a wise precaution to prevent their being seized by the enemy. There is this to be said in favour of the theory, that if you take a stout piece of rope and lay it across a path, when driven over it sheep will not walk as almost every other animal will do, but will make a good large leap when they come to it, even springing many feet above the obstacle. They would seem to lead to the inference that they mistake the thick rope for the round body of their adversary.

We speak of fields in which the sheep graze. What the folded sheep gain in utility they lose in picturesqueness. The very word fold changes its meaning with the character of the district. In the hilly country it is an enclosure built of dry sticks generally situated in some fern-clad or heather-clad valley. It has an entrance and an egress, and its purpose is to serve as a place of confinement when the shepherd wishes to make a personal examination of his charge in order to see that head, legs and



W. Reid.

MORNING AMONG THE FELS.

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carcase are free from the various diseases to which they are subject. He used to carry in his hand a real shepherd's crook; but that name was a little too dignified for the landward folk; and they used what was to them the homelier expression—a gibbie stick—the word gibbie being practically synonymous with crooked. Very dexterous was the plaid-clad mountaineer in the use of this weapon, and he had to be, because sheep in

tightened his hold, wheeled it over and was carefully examining its head, fleece, or other part in which he expected trouble to lurk. In a second he had applied his brush of tar or some other healing salve, and the patient was allowed to trot away to its native hills. In modern sheep-keeping there is very little use for a fold of this kind, and the word is applied simply to an enclosure where the sheep is tempted to cram itself with



H. Dunning.

THE WEARY FLOCK.

Copyright.

that country are as active as greyhounds, and are not to be caught by simply taking hold of their fleece, as is the case with their fat relatives in the South. Deftly the plaid-clad mountaineer inserted the gibbie part of his stick behind the hind leg of the trotting ewe or hog, and in a second he had

food, it may be either green stuff, grass, or roots, according to the time and the circumstances. Never was sheep farming more successfully carried out than it is to-day; but it has lost a great deal of the picturesqueness that once was its very marked distinction and characteristic.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SUMMER SHOW.

**T**HROUGH the kindness of Mary Countess of Ilchester the council of the Royal Horticultural Society were able to hold their summer exhibition in the beautiful grounds of Holland House on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Compared with previous exhibitions it was more extensive, and the quality of most of the exhibits was better than ever before. Naturally, at this season hardy flowers are largely in evidence, and some very beautiful examples of such kinds as Delphiniums, Phloxes, Irises and Canterbury Bells were to be found in many of the groups. Messrs. Kelway and Son's Delphiniums included a very large and tall variety named Dusky Monarch, the flowers being smoky purple in colour. Branching Persimmon, a branching form of the pale blue Persimmon, should prove a good and useful plant for the garden. The most pleasing Canterbury Bells in the show were a beautiful shade of rose pink, a colour that we never get too much of in the outdoor garden.

Sweet Peas made a very bright and fragrant feature in this large show. Messrs. Sutton alone staged no fewer than one hundred and twenty varieties, including such grand kinds as Elsie Herbert, Eric Harvey, Scarlet Emperor, Lady Evelyn Eyre and Melba. So far as new varieties are concerned, there seems to be little improvement on the best of the older sorts, both in colour and form.

Roses were largely in evidence, though perhaps not to such an extent as we have sometimes seen them. Large groups were staged by the leading nurserymen, but more amateur exhibitors would have been welcome. Possibly they were reserving their flowers for the National Rose Society's Show, which is to

be held on Friday of this week. A number of new Roses were exhibited, but not many of them received awards. One of the best was Muriel Dickson, a Hybrid Tea from the Emerald Isle. It is a deep, conical-shaped bloom of glowing vermilion scarlet colour, and emits a delightful fragrance. Another good new one was Miss Godfrey Brown, the colour of which is pale flesh pink. The blooms are large, very conical and slightly fragrant. It will no doubt prove a useful addition to the exhibition varieties.

Orchids are never shown so extensively at the summer exhibition as they are earlier in the year, but several very fine groups were to be seen. Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bart., had a beautiful display, the Miltonias, Lælio-Cattleyas and Odontiodas attracting much attention. Rock gardens proper were not a great feature, though one or two firms had small and tastefully-arranged examples. Campanulas were largely used in these, and it was interesting to see that the charming little pale blue, *C. pusilla* Miss Willmott, was much admired. Formal gardens of several kinds were shown, but we did not think the designs quite so good in some instances as the gardens that were arranged at the Chelsea Show. Messrs. R. Wallace and Co. had a very dainty stream garden, with terrace and dry retaining wall. The most beautiful feature here was the bold grouping of superb Japanese Irises, several beautiful new varieties being included. Morning Mist was the gem of them all, the large flowers of white flushed lavender hue attracting much attention. Royal Robe is a flower of bold size and pleasing purple colour, and these two certainly ought to find a home in every waterside garden. Japanese Irises, freely grouped beside a Lily pool, into which leaden figures spouted cool-looking jets of clear water, was the keynote of Messrs. J. Carter and Co.'s garden. The dry retaining wall at the back of the Lily pool, and a stone

colonnade flanking one side of the garden, were well-conceived ideas. Messrs. Pipers' exhibit was in the form of a terrace garden, with sunken paved walks, lily pools and dry walls, a leaden figure of Mercury forming a bold centre to the whole.

With the exception of Orchids, the most interesting greenhouse plants were tuberous Begonias, of which there were some very beautiful specimens shown. The colours now obtainable in these are really wonderful, but the blooms are getting almost too large to be pleasing. Duchess of Cornwall is a deep crimson double flower of exquisite form, and Lady Tweedmouth is the most delicate and pleasing shade of salmon pink that one could wish for. A comparatively new race of Begonias are those known as Cactus-flowered, having tuberous roots, pendulous habit, and Cactus-like flowers of many beautiful hues. For greenhouse baskets they are charming plants, and will no doubt be largely grown for that purpose when better known.

Fruit was well shown in a few instances, and the pot trees bearing ripe fruit were a source of interest to many. Vegetables were not numerous, but the Hon. Vicary Gibbs had a superb display. The attractive way in which they were exhibited proved that good vegetables can, in the hands of an expert such as Mr. Gibbs' head-gardener, be made attractive. Such kinds as Mushrooms, Aubergines and Peach-hued Tomatoes were the most interesting of a wonderful group.

#### SOME GOOD GARDEN ROSES OF RECENT INTRODUCTION.

During the last ten years the cultivation of Roses solely for garden decoration has been completely revolutionised by the



MRS. ARTHUR MUNT.

(Note the dew on the petals).

introduction of a vast and beautiful array of new varieties, these, for the most part, belonging to the Hybrid Tea section, although some few are classed as pernetiana Roses. The term Hybrid Tea used at one time to explain itself, denoting, as it then did, those Roses which had been raised by crossing Tea varieties with hybrid perpetuals; but since that time intercrossing has been so largely adopted that he would be a bold rosarian who attempted to dispute whether a variety was a Tea or a Hybrid Tea. But this matter of classification need not worry those who want good garden Roses; there is a charming host to select from and many are good. The pernetianas embrace some first-class garden Roses, and differ from the Hybrid Teas in having more spiny stems, and hard foliage that is seldom attacked by mildew. These two types are referred to at the outset because they have undoubtedly played very important parts in the evolution of our modern garden Roses, and are, for that reason, of interest to the grower.

Of those varieties which have been put into commerce during the last decade I am growing some sixty sorts, mostly recommended by rosarian friends on account of their good qualities, and during the past week I have been interesting myself in taking notes of those which, to my mind, appear the most suitable for garden decoration. At the outset I may say that I do not disbud any

Roses; some come naturally with a single flower on a stem, and give large blossoms with long stalks, while others produce their flowers in clusters, and these remain in a floriferous state naturally longer than the first named.

For convenience I propose to deal with them alphabetically, and first must come Arthur R. Goodwin. This is a pernetiana Rose of splendid, erect habit, the large, buff-coloured and fragrant flowers being usually one on a stem, though occasionally in clusters of three. It is exquisite in the half-opened stage, and the full-blown flowers remain in good condition for a long time. The



MME. MELANIE SOUPERT.



MISS CYNTHIA FORDE.

foliage does not mildew. Ennchen Müller is a Polyantha pompon that always pleases visitors. The flowers are bright pink and the petals charmingly reflexed. An excellent bedding Rose. To the Englishman, Château de Clos Vougeot has two drawbacks: its unwieldy name and its straggling habit, the shoots going off at the most awkward angles. But having once grown it well, we can

forgive it these failings. It is a particularly deep crimson Rose of rare and refreshing fragrance, and, like Arthur R. Goodwin, the full-blown flowers last a long time. Duchess of Wellington is a yellow Rose that is classed as a Hybrid Tea, but which, I think, must have had one of the pernetianas as an ancestor. It is a good garden Rose, notwithstanding the fact that the flowers hang their heads a little. Its saffron yellow and orange colour, with its autumn-blooming propensity, more than compensate that little deficiency. Unfortunately for Rose-growers, there are two recently introduced Roses named Entente Cordiale. The one I have grown, and which is now referred to, is the creamy white variety raised by Pernet-Ducher. It has beautiful conical-shaped blooms that are usually solitary on long, stout stems. It is Tea-scented and flowers well in the autumn. As Gustav Gr  nerwald was raised in 1903, it is just eligible for inclusion here, and I am glad that it is, because it is an excellent variety for the garden. The official colour description is carmine pink, but I prefer bright rose pink. The flowers are solitary, large and deep, emit a delightful fragrance, and the bush is vigorous and of good habit.

General Macarthur is a Rose that I have heard criticised on account of its colour, some growers contending that the flowers show too much blue when fading. It must be admitted that there is some magenta hue about them at that stage, but not sufficient to be objectionable to the average grower. As a garden Rose it has everything else in its favour. The plants are vigorous, very free-flowering, blossoms large and produced in clusters, very fragrant, and, until they are fading, bright scarlet crimson in colour. If Richmond were as free and vigorous as General Macarthur we might do without the latter, but until that is accomplished the General must remain, unless Florence Haswell Veitch proves its superior. George C. Waud has a colour unlike that of any other Rose, and one cannot mistake it in the garden. I see the official colour description is rose, suffused orange, but this does not convey the glory of it in the least. It is indescribable, but it is a Rose that all must grow. It has a vigorous habit, is free-flowering, the blossoms being of conical shape, very fragrant and usually one on a stem. If James Coey were a little more vigorous it would be an ideal garden Rose, as it flowers particularly freely, the lemon yellow, half-opened blossoms being of exquisite form. These open to creamy white and are tea scented. In Jessie we have the best of all the red polyantha pompon Roses. It is rather late in starting to flower, but once they commence, the bushes are never without their rose-crimson flowers until late October frosts stop them.



ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Lady Alice Stanley is a new Rose that I do not think one can praise too highly. Both in bud form and open flower it is delightful. It makes a vigorous symmetrical bush, and produces its large, solitary flowers on long, stout stems. The interior of the petals is silvery pink, and the exterior deep rose, a pleasing combination that we also get in lesser degree in Miss Cynthia Forde, to which I shall refer presently. The blossoms are fragrant and last well. Lady Pirrie is a Rose in which we get a delightful combination of copper and salmon pink, moderately vigorous habit and sweetly scented flowers. Excellent for bedding. Lyon Rose is not one that everybody admires on account of its variable character. When



A. R. GOODWIN.

it does come good, however, it possesses great charm, the salmon pink, suffused yellow flowers being unlike those of any other variety. It has a vigorous habit and bears its flowers in clusters. Mme. M  lanie Soupert has never done very well with me, but I know it is a good bedding Rose, and one that does well in most places. Its official colour description is pale sunset yellow, suffused amethyst. It is a vigorous Rose and flowers freely. For a long time Mme. Ravary has been a great favourite among yellow-hued Roses, but Marquise de Sinety may fairly be regarded as an improvement. It has a robust habit and beautiful, hard, bronzy-red foliage, while the flowers, particularly when first opened, are of a glorious shade of orange yellow. It is not exceptionally free-flowering, but must be grown for its colour and sweet scent. Mme. Segond Weber, though not giving us over-large flowers, is a good Rose for the garden, its pale salmon rose blossoms being of conical shape and sweet. It has very handsome foliage. Miss Cynthia Forde I regard as one of the best garden Roses of recent introduction. It makes a fine, branching bush of robust habit, and produces its large and sweetly scented flowers in clusters. These are silvery pink with rose colour at the back of the petals, and though rather flat, are of even contour. Mrs. Arthur Munt is what one might call a peeress among Roses. The flowers are of conical and even form, of good substance, borne one on a stem, which is stout, erect and long. The buds are pale blush and the flowers open to creamy-white. The foliage is very beautiful, and altogether this is an exquisite new Rose. I must close this all too brief list with Mrs. E. J. Holland, a Rose of silvery pink colour, not too vigorous, but the blossoms are of exquisite, conical form and very sweetly scented. As a guide to others I will name what I consider to be the best dozen among those described, and it would be interesting if rosarian readers would send the Editor the names of what they consider the best twelve garden Roses that have been introduced to commerce during the last ten years. There are many not mentioned here. Arthur R. Goodwin, Duchess of Wellington, Entente Cordiale (Pernet-Ducher), Gustav Gr  nerwald, George C. Waud, General Macarthur, Jessie, Lady Alice Stanley, Lady Pirrie, Mme. Segond Weber, Miss Cynthia Forde and Mrs. Arthur Munt. Rayon d'Or, the yellow Rose that everyone is talking about, I want to reserve judgment upon, and ramblers, which are a host unto themselves, may provide a theme for some future occasion.

F. W. H.

# NOTWITHSTANDING

by Mary Cholmondeley.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

ROGER went to Fontainebleau. He looked at the oaks as they came close up on either side of the line, and thought that they needed thinning, and made a mental note of the inefficiency of French forestry. And he put up at an old-fashioned inn with a prim garden in front with tiny pebbled walks, and a fountain, and four stunted, clipped acacia trees. And he found the doctor in the course of the next morning; and the doctor, who had not realised Dick's death under another name, gave him the notary's address; and the notary explained by means of an interpreter that M. Le Geyt had warned him emphatically not to give up the will to his mother, if she came for it, or sent for it after his death. Only to M. Roger Manvers, his cousin, or Mlle. Manvers, his sister.

And when Roger had presented his card, and the credentials with which his English lawyer had supplied him, the will was produced. The notary opened it, and showed him Dick's signature, almost illegible, but still Dick's, and below it the doctor's and his own; and at the bottom of the sheet the two words, *Annette Georges*, in Annette's large childish handwriting. Roger's heart contracted, and for a moment he could see nothing but those two words. And the notary explained that the lady's signature had not been necessary, but she had witnessed it to pacify the dying man. Then Roger sat down, with a loudly hammering heart, and read the will slowly—translated to him sentence by sentence. It gave him everything. Hulver and Welmesley, and Swale, and Scorby, and the Yorkshire and Scotch properties, and the street in the heart of Liverpool, and the New River share. There was an annuity of five hundred a year out of the estate and the house at Aldeburgh to Harry, and the same sum to Mary Deane for life, and then in trust to her daughter, together with a farm in Devonshire. But except for these bequests, everything was left to Roger. Dick had forgotten Jones, his faithful servant, and he had forgotten also that he had parted with his New River share the year before to meet his colossal losses on the day still talked of in racing circles when Flamingo ran out of the course. And the street in Liverpool, that gold mine, was mortgaged up to the hilt. But still, in spite of all, it was a fine inheritance. Roger's heart beat. He had been a penniless man all his life; and all his life he had served another's will, another's caprice, another's heedlessness. Now at last he was his own master. And Hulver, his old home, Hulver which he loved with passion as his uncle and his grandfather had loved it before him, *Hulver was his*.

Mechanically he turned the page and looked at the last words of the will upon it, and poor Dick's scrawl, and the signature of the witnesses. And all the joy ebbed out of his heart as quickly as it had rushed in as he saw again the two words—*Annette Georges*.

Roger did not sleep that night. He lay in a bed which held no rest for him, and a nameless oppression fell upon him. He was over-tired, and he had suffered severely mentally during the past week. And it seemed as if the room itself exercised some sinister influence over him. Surely the mustard-coloured roses of the wallpaper knew too much. Surely the tall gilt mirror had reflected and then wiped from its surface scenes of anguish and despair. Roger sat up in bed, and saw himself a dim figure with a shock head reflected in it. The moonlight lay in a narrow band upon the floor. The blind tapped against the window-ledge. Was that a woman's white figure crouching near the window with bent head against the pane? It was only the moonlight upon the curtain together with the shadow of the tree outside. Roger got up and fastened the blind so that the tapping ceased, and then went back to bed again. But sleep would not come.

He had read over the translation of the will several times. It, and the will itself, was locked into the little bag under his pillow. His hand touched it from time to time.

And as the moonlight travelled across the floor Roger's thoughts travelled also. His slow, honest mind never could be hurried, as those who did business with him were well aware. It never rushed even to an obvious conclusion. It walked. If urged forward, it at once stood stock still. But if it moved slowly of its own accord it also evaded nothing.

Then Dick must have distrusted his mother just as Janey had done. Roger had been shocked by Janey's lack of filial piety, but he at once concluded that Dick must have "had grounds" for his distrust. It did not strike him that Janey and Dick might have had the same grounds; that some sinister incident locked away in their childish memories had perhaps warned them of

the possibility of a great treachery.

No doubt Janey was not mentioned in Dick's will because it had always been understood that Noyes would go to her. Lady Louisa had given out that she had so left it years before.

"That was what was in the old woman's mind, no doubt," Roger said to himself, "to let Janey have Noyes, and get Hulver and the rest for Harry, if possible, even if she had to destroy Dick's will in my favour. She never took into her calculation, poor thing, that by the time Dick died she might be as incapable of making another will as Dick was himself. Seems as if paralysis was in the family. If she knew I had got Hulver after all, she'd cut Janey out of Noyes like a shot if she could and leave it to Harry. But she can't. But Harry'll do very nicely in that little house at Aldeburgh with five hundred a year. Play on the beach. Make a collection of shells, and an aquarium. Sea-anemones and shrimps, and his wife can take charge of him—relieve poor Janey. I shall put in a new bath-room at Sea View, and I shall furnish it for him. Some of the things Mary Deane had would do. He would like those great gilt mirrors and the sporting prints, and she'd like the walnut suite. That marriage may not be such a bad thing after all. Hope poor Aunt Louisa won't understand anything about it, or my coming in for Hulver. It would make her perfectly mad. Might kill her. But perhaps that wouldn't be such a very bad thing either. Silver lining to cloud, perhaps, and give Janey a chance of a little peace."

Roger's mind travelled slowly over his inheritance, and verified piece by piece that it was a very good one. In spite of Dick's recklessness much still remained. The New River share was gone. Dick had got over a hundred thousand for it, but it had been worth more. And the house in Eaton Square was gone, and Princess Street was as good as gone. He should probably be wise to let the mortgagors foreclose on it. But Hulver remained intact, save for the loss of the Raeburn and the oak avenue. How cracked of Dick to have sold the Raeburn and cut down the oak avenue when, if he had only consulted him, Roger could have raised the money by a mortgage on Welmesley. But he ought not to be blaming Dick after what he had done for him. On the contrary, he ought to put up a good monument to him in Riff Church, and he certainly would do so. Hulver was his. Hulver was his. Now at last he had a free hand. Now at last he could do his duty by the property, unhampered by constant refusals to be allowed to spend money where it ought to be spent. He should be able to meet all his farmers on a better footing now. No need to put off their demands from year to year, and lose the best among them because he could not meet even their most reasonable claims. He could put an entire new roof on Scorby Farm now, instead of tinkering at it, and he would pull down those wretched Ferry cottages and rebuild them on higher ground. He knew exactly where he should put them. It was a crying shame that it had not been done years ago. And he would drain Menham Marsh, and then the Menham people would not have agues and goitres. And he should make a high paved way across the water meadows to Welysham, so that the children could get to school dry-shod.

He could hardly believe that at last he was his own master. No more inditing of those painfully constructed letters which his sense of duty had made incumbent on him, letters which it had taken him so long to write, and which were probably never read. Dick had never attended to business. If people could not attend to business Roger wondered what they could attend to. And he would make it right about Jones. Jones need never know his master had forgotten him. Roger would give him an annuity of a hundred a year, and tell him it was by Dick's wish. Dick certainly would have wished it if he had thought of it. Roger gave a sigh of relief at the thought of Jones. And he should pension off old Toby and Hesketh and Nokes. They had worked on the estate for over forty years. Roger settled quantities of detail in numberless little mental pigeon-holes as the moonlight travelled across the floor.

All through the day and the long evening whenever he had thought of Annette his mind had stood stock still, and refused to move. And now at last, as if it had waited till this silent hour, the thought of Annette came to him again, and this time would not be denied. Once more his resisting mind winced and stood

still. And Roger, who had connived at its resistance, forced it slowly, reluctantly, to do his bidding.

He could marry Annette now. Strange how little joy that thought evoked. He would have given everything he possessed two days ago—not that he possessed anything—to have been able to make her his wife. If two days ago he had been told that he would inherit Hulver and be able to marry her, his cup would have been full. Well, now he could have her, if she would take him. He was ashamed, but not as much as he ought to have been of his momentary doubt of her. Fortunately, only Janey knew of that doubt. Annette would never know that he had hesitated. Now that he came to think of it she had gone away from him so quickly that he had not had time to say a word.

Roger sighed heavily. He knew in his heart that he had not quite trusted Annette when he ought to have done. But he did absolutely trust Janey. And Janey had said Annette was innocent. He need not cudgel his brains as to whether he would still have wanted to marry her if she had been Dick's mistress, because she never had been. That was settled. Annette was as pure as Janey herself, and he ought to have known it without Janey having to tell him.

Roger turned uneasily on his bed, and then took the goad which only honest men possess, and applied it to his mind. It winced and shrank back, and then, seeing no help for it, made a step forward.

Annette had given him his inheritance. He faced that at last. She had got the will made. But for her, Dick would have died intestate. And but for her it was doubtful whether the will would ever have come to light. Neither the notary or the doctor had at first connected the death of Mr. Manvers with that of Dick Le Geyt, even when Roger showed them the notice in the papers which he had brought with him. Annette had done everything for him. Well, he would do everything for her. He would marry her, and be good to her all his life.

Yes; but would she care to marry a man who could only come by his inheritance by smirching her good name? The will could not be proved without doing that. What wicked folly of Dick to have asked her, poor child, to witness it. And how exasperatingly like him. He never considered the result of any action. The slur on Annette's reputation would be publicly known. The doctor and the notary who had told him of Annette's relation to Dick could but confirm it. No denial from them was possible. And sooner or later the ugly scandal would be known by every creature at Riff.

Roger choked. Now he realised that, was he still willing to marry her? *He was willing.* He was more than willing, he was absolutely determined. He wanted her as he had never wanted anything in his life. He would marry her, and together they would face the scandal and live it down. Janey would stick to them. He loathed the thought of the whispering tongues destroying his wife's good name. He sickened at it, but it was inevitable.

But would Annette on her side be willing to marry him, and bear the obloquy that must fall upon her? Would she not prefer to leave Riff and him for ever? That was what he must ask her. In his heart he believed she would still take him. "She would bear it for my sake," he said to himself. "Annette is very brave, and she thinks nothing of herself."

A faint glimmer of her character was beginning to dawn in her lover's shaken mind. The "Sun of my Soul"—tame canary, fancy portrait of his own composition, on which he had often fondly dwelt, did not prove much of a mainstay at this crisis, perhaps because it lacked life. Who can lean upon a wooden heart? It is sad that some of us never perceive the nobility of those we love until we need it. Roger had urgent need of Annette's generosity and unselfishness, urgent need of her humility. He unconsciously wanted all the greatest qualities of heart and mind from her, he who had been drawn towards her, as Janey well knew, only by little things—by her sweet face, and her violet eyes, and the curl on her white neck.

Oh! Would it be best for her that they should part? Something in Roger cried out in such mortal terror of its life that that thought was dismissed as unendurable.

"We can't part," said Roger to himself. "The truth is I can't live without her, and I won't. We'll face it together."

But there was anguish in the thought. His beautiful lady who loved him! That he who held her so dear, who only asked to protect her from pain and ill, that he should be the one to cast a slur upon her. But there was no way out of it. He sobbed against his pillow. And in the silence came the stammered, half-choked words, "Annette, Annette!"

But only the room heard them, which had heard the same appeal on a September night just a year ago.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I DON'T find either of you very helpful," said Aunt Harriett, plaintively.

Her couch had been wheeled out under the apple tree, and her sister and niece were sitting with her under its shade after luncheon. During the meal Aunt Harriett had at considerable length expounded one of the many problems that agitated her, the solution of which would have robbed her of her principal happiness in life.

Her mind, what little there was of it, was spasmodically and intermittently employed in what she called "threshing out things." The real problems of life never got within shouting distance of Aunt Harriett, but she would argue for days together whether it was right—not for others but for her—to repeat as if she assented

to them the somewhat unsympathetic utterances of the Athanasian Creed as to the fate in store for those who did not hold all its tenets.

"And I don't believe they will all go to hell fire," she said, mournfully. "I'm too wide-minded, and I've lived too much in a highly cultivated society. The Miss Blinketts may, but I don't. And I know as a fact that Mr. Harvey did not believe it either. . . . Though, of course, I do accept the Athanasian Creed. I was able to assure Canon Wetherby so only yesterday, when I discussed the subject with him. He said it was the corner stone of the Church, and that in these agnostic days we Church people must all hold firmly together, shoulder to shoulder. I see that, and I don't want to undermine the Church, but—"

"Suppose you were to leave out that one response about hell fire," said Annette, "and say all the rest."

"I am afraid my silence might be noticed. It was different in London, but in a place like Riff, where we, Maria, of course, more than I, but still where we both stand, as I may say, in the forefront, take the lead in the religious life of the place, good example, influential attitude, every eye upon us. It is perplexing. For is it quite, quite truthful to keep silence? 'Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.' How do you meet *that*, Annette? or 'To thine own self be true, and it will follow as the night to day'—I mean as the day to night—thou canst not then be false to anybody.' What do you say to *that*, Annette?"

Annette appeared to have nothing to say, and did not answer. Aunt Maria, slowly turning the leaves of a presentation volume from Mr. Harvey, said nothing either.

"I don't find either of you particularly helpful," said Aunt Harriett again. "You are both very fortunate, I'm sure, not to have any spiritual difficulties. I often wish I had not such an active mind. I think I had better ask Mr. Black to come and see me about it. He is always kind. He tells me people always unburden themselves to him."

"That is an excellent idea," said Aunt Maria, promptly, with a total lack of consideration for Mr. Black, who perhaps, however, deserved his fate by putting his lips to his own trumpet. "He has studied these subjects more than Annette and I have done. Ask him to luncheon to-morrow."

Aunt Harriett, somewhat mollified, settled herself among her cushions and withdrew her teeth as a preliminary to her daily siesta. Aunt Maria, who had been bolt upright at her desk since half-past nine, took off her spectacles and closed her eyes.

A carriage was heard to rumble into the courtyard.

"Fly, my dear, fly," said Aunt Harriett, "catch Hodgkins and tell her we are not at home. I'm not equal to seeing anyone till four o'clock. I should have thought all the neighbourhood must have realised that by now. Save me, Annette."

Annette hurried into the house, and then through a side window suddenly caught sight of Mrs. Stoddart's long, grim face under a parasol, and ran out to her and dragged her out of the carriage.

"I thought you had gone," she said, holding her tightly by her mantilla as if Mrs. Stoddart might elude her even now. The elder woman looked at Annette's drawn face and thrust out her under lip. She had feared there would be trouble when Annette told Roger of her past, and had asked Mr. Stirling to let her stay on at Noyes a few days longer. As she sat by Annette in the parlour at Red Riff she saw that trouble had indeed come.

"You have told your Roger?" she said, laconically, looking at the girl with anger and respect. "I don't need to ask how he has taken it."

Annette recounted what had happened, and once again Mrs. Stoddart experienced a shock. She had come prepared to hear that Roger had withdrawn the light of his countenance from Annette, and to offer stern consolation. But the complication caused by Annette having informed Roger of the existence of the will, and the fact that she had witnessed it, overwhelmed her. A swift spasm passed over her face.

"This is the first I've heard of you witnessing it," she said, sitting very bolt upright on the sofa.

Annette owned she had entirely forgotten that she had done so until Roger had told her no will was forthcoming.

"Then it all came back to me," she said.

"It's not to be wondered at that you did not remember, considering you became unconscious with brain fever a few hours later," said Mrs. Stoddart in a perfectly level voice. And then without any warning she began to cry.

Annette gazed at her thunderstruck. She had never seen her cry before. What that able woman did, she did thoroughly.

"I thought I had seen to everything," she said presently, her voice shaking with anger, "taken every precaution, stopped up every hole where discovery could leak out, and fortune favoured you. My only fear was that Dick's valet, who was at the funeral, might recognise you. But he didn't."

"But I told you he did not see me on the station that day I went with Dick."

"I know you did, but I thought he might have seen you all the same. But he evidently didn't, or he would have mentioned it to the family at once. And now—now all my trouble and cleverness and planning for you are thrown away, are made absolutely useless by yourself, Annette, because of your suicidal simpleness in witnessing that accursed will. It's enough to make a saint swear."

Mrs. Stoddart wiped her eyes and shook her fist in the air.

"Providence never does play fair," she said. "I've been outwitted, beaten, but it wasn't cricket. I keep my self-respect. The question remains, what is to be done?"

"I shall wait till Roger comes back before I do anything."

"I take for granted that Roger Manvers and his cousin Janey will never say a word against you, that they will never 'tell,' as the children say."

"I am sure they never will."

"And much good will that do you when your signature is fixed to Dick's will. That fact must become known, and your position at Fontainebleau is bound to leak out. Roger can't prove the will without giving you away. Do you understand that?"

"I had not thought of it."

"Then every man, woman and child at Riff, including your aunts, will know about you."

"Yes," a very faint yes, through white lips.

"And they will all with one consent, especially your aunts, believe the worst."

"I am afraid they will."

There was a long silence.

"You *can't* remain here, Annette."

"You said before at Fontainebleau that I could not remain, but I did."

Mrs. Stoddart recognised, not for the first time, behind Annette's mildness, an obstinacy before which she was powerless. As usual, she tried another tack.

"For the sake of your aunts you ought to leave at once, and you ought to persuade them to go with you, before the first breath of scandal reaches Riff."

"Yes, we must all go. Of course, we can't go on living here, but I would rather see Roger first. Roger is good, and he is so kind. He will understand about the aunts, and give me a few days to make it as easy to them as it can be made, poor dears."

"You ought to prepare their minds for leaving Riff. I should not think that would be difficult, for they lamented to

me that they were buried here, and only remained on your account."

"Yes, they always say that. I will tell them I don't like it, and as they don't like it either, it would be best if we went away."

"You are wishing that nothing had been kept from them in the first instance," said Mrs. Stoddart, deeply wounded, though she kept an inflexible face.

"Yes," said Annette, "and yet I have always been thankful in a way they did not know. I have felt the last few days as if the only thing I really could not bear was telling the aunts. But this will be even worse; I mean that you say everybody will know. It will wound them in their pride and upset them dreadfully. And they are fond of me now, which will make it worse for them if it is publicly known. They might have got over it if only Roger and Janey knew. But they will never forgive me for putting them to public shame."

"Come and live with me," said Mrs. Stoddart, fiercely. "I love you, Annette." And in her heart she thought that if her precious only son, her adored Mark, did fall in love with Annette, he could not do better. "Come and live with me."

"I will gladly come and live with you for a time later on."

"Come now."

"Not yet."

"It's no use stopping," she said, taking the girl by the shoulders. "What's the good? Your Roger won't marry you, my poor child."

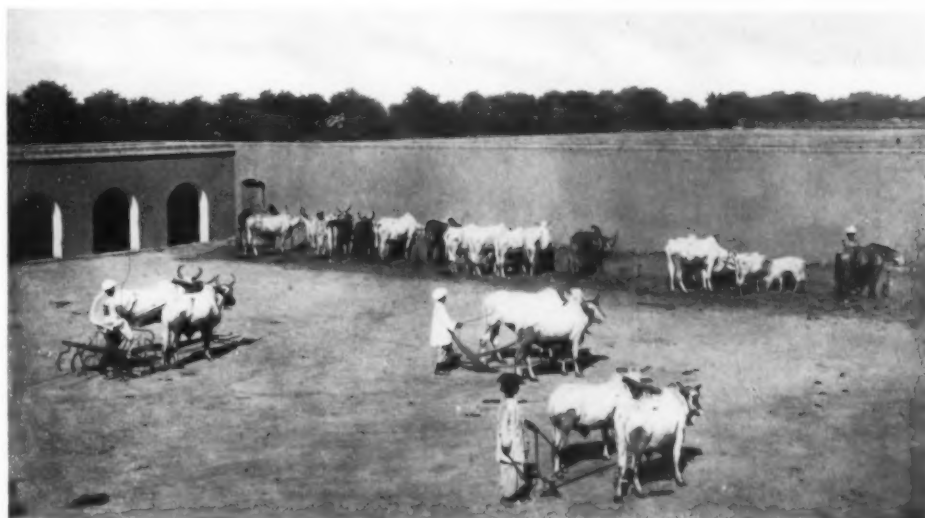
"No," said Annette, firmly, though her lips had blanched. "I know he will not. But—I ran away before when someone would not marry me, and it did not make things any better, only much, much worse. My mind is made up. I will stay this time."

(To be continued.)

## INDIA'S CHANGING COUNTRY LIFE.

BY SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

HERE and there country life in India is changing. The old agricultural implements which have preserved through the centuries the simplicity and inefficiency with which the primitive people of the Peninsula endowed them are being discarded, and their place is being taken by chilled-steel ploughs and modern harrows, cultivators, mowers, reapers and threshing machines, imported from Scotland, Canada and the United States of America. At the same time, large irrigation canals, built by the Government, are liberating cultivators from eternal worry over the prospects of rain. These changes are not taking place with startling rapidity. Indeed, the progress is proceeding at a snail's pace, so slowly that it is hard for foreigners to realise that the transition is going on. However, each



YARD OF THE GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT FARM AT LYALLPUR.



A REAPING OUTFIT IN THE PUNJAB.

year more and more of the illiterate farmers are sending their sons and (mark you!) daughters to school, and each year they show more interest in the demonstrations held on Government experimental farms, and display less opposition to the adoption of innovations. In a few districts the advancement is already quite marked. This is especially true of certain parts of the Punjab—the Province of the Five Rivers, situated in North-western India—which are known as the Canal Colonies. There several million acres of land that twenty years ago was barren waste, to-day have been converted, thanks to a marvellous irrigation scheme, into an important grain-producing region, spreading the fame of Indian wheat far and wide in the world.

The very first farm that I visited in the colonies during a recent tour vividly revealed the transformation of Indian rural conditions. In the courtyard, shaded by a spreading jujube tree, stood a reaping machine manufactured in Glasgow. In a

mud shed, erected especially for the purpose of protecting the farm machinery, I found four chilled-steel ploughs, two of them made in Brantford, Canada, and the others stamped with the name of a firm in South Bend, Indiana, U.S.A. On the floor of the low-roofed verandah the farmer's son, a lad of about twelve, at the highest reckoning, clad as Dame Nature had dressed him at his birth, but for a scanty breech-clout, stood turning the wheel of a modern fodder-chopper, which cut green *chari* (millet) in small shreds that fell about him in a succulent shower.

After further travel and investigation among the cultivators living round about Lyallpur, the largest city in the erstwhile waterless wilderness, which now, in the wake of the water carried by the Chenab Canal, has become a paradise for farmers, I found that the cultivator whose home I had first visited was not a whit more enterprising than scores of others in the district who to-day are employing time and labour-saving



DRAWING WATER BY THE ANCIENT METHOD.

way. A still more potent factor that is encouraging these farmers to use modern machinery is the scarcity of workers and the high wages they demand. To begin with, it never

was intended that these colonies should become glutted with an overpopulation. In order to guard against that the individual holding was made about twenty-eight acres in area, many times larger than the average plot in other parts of India, which is very small indeed. Added to this is the fact that fell work has been done by the bubonic plague, and the population has been ruthlessly thinned out. As a result there constantly is a dearth of labourers, especially at harvest-time. Then, too, during the cotton season it is necessary for the many ginning factories which have been established to coax to them men, women and children who otherwise would be available for field work. This further shortens the labour supply on the farms. Indeed, the shortage is so great that the Government Irrigation Department, which is constructing supplementary canals to bring more water to the Punjab colonies, finds it necessary to employ mechanical excavators, since coolies are not to be had for love or money. In such a

circumstance it is only natural that wages should rise, so that the landowners find it more profitable to employ labour-saving machinery than hands, even if they were available.



TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN BENGAL.

machinery to do all the work on their land. Wherever I went I found agriculturists galore who owned their own steel ploughs, harrows, cultivators and improved fodder-choppers. Occasionally I would come across a reaper which was the property of a progressive individual who profited by renting it to his neighbours at harvest-time. At one place I even found a steam threshing machine.

Many causes have combined to make the farmers in the Punjab Colonies progressive. In the first place they more or less entirely have been cut off from their old moorings, and have begun life all over again in a strange locality. They have left some of their ultra-conservatism behind them in the congested Punjab from which they hailed, and the pioneer conditions that they found confronting them in the new region divested them of some more of their inborn reaction. The Lyallpur Agricultural Experiment Farm, located in the very heart of the settlement, has demonstrated to them the good results of deep ploughing with chilled-steel ploughs, and the advantage of using improved implements instead of farming in the cumbersome, bungling, old-time



AN OLD-FASHIONED INDIAN OIL MILL.

The same causes which have induced the Punjab Colonies farmer to use modern implements are persuading their brothers in other parts of the country to take them up. Whenever the Englishman thinks of India he has in mind its teeming millions and cheap scale of wages; but he rarely remembers that the price of labour has risen a great deal during the past few years, and still is rising, compelling the wise native to employ mechanical instead of manual help. Moreover, the Agricultural Department, which maintains well-equipped experimental farms at the principal

centres of India, and schools and colleges, dotted all over the land where scientific agronomy is taught to the sons of farmers and young men whose forefathers have always looked down upon manual work, and issues popularly written literature for the enlightenment of the agricultural classes, also are exerting their influence to persuade the cultivators all over British India to make use of modern implements. Many of the Native States, too, are following the

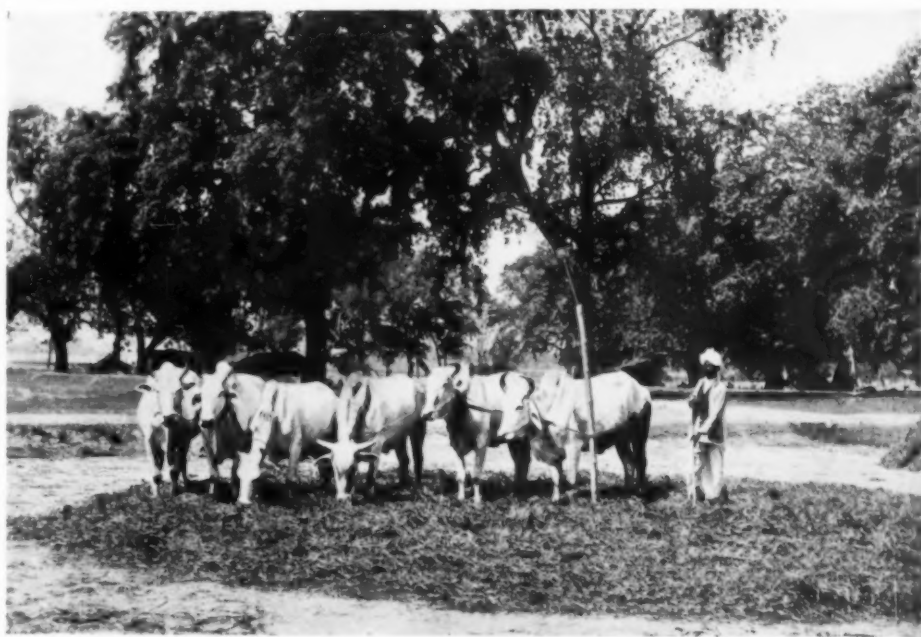
example of the British Administration and are carrying on a similar propaganda for the enlightenment of the agriculturists. This is especially true of Baroda and Mysore, two of the largest territories under native rule. It is quite natural therefore that the demand for farm machinery should be growing.

Since most Indian farmers are exceedingly poor and cannot off-hand afford expensive implements, they have taken to clubbing together, sometimes as many as ten of them combining their resources to buy a reaper; and in many instances they are

not satisfied with this machine alone, but indulge in improved machinery of other descriptions. In the Central Provinces agricultural associations have been formed to interest the tenantry in the use of up-to-date methods. This means India's salvation; for the implements now in use on the land are of the crudest character imaginable. The plough is nothing more than a crooked stick with a blunt piece of iron fastened to the point. The handle stands up at right angles, and by this the primitive share is laboriously guided as it is dragged through

the hard-baked earth by the patient bullocks. The cultivating is done with a short-handled hoe, which can be used only when the worker is squatting on his heels, and he waddles along at his task without rising. The corn is cut by a hand-sickle and threshed out by the old-fashioned method of driving oxen over and over it. The winnowing is done by pouring the grain out of small baskets held high above the head by a man, either standing on the ground or on a sort of step-ladder, the wind

blowing away the light chaff, while the corn falls in a heap below. Fodder is cut into shreds with a small hand-knife. Water is drawn from shallow wells or rivers or ponds, sometimes by a "Persian wheel" operated by one or two oxen, sometimes by hand, sometimes by baskets let down and quickly drawn up and emptied into a shallow, narrow channel which conducts it to the field. In view of all this, the adoption of modern implements is a move in the right direction, and anything that the Government is doing to encourage it is praiseworthy.



TREADING OUT THE CORN.

## STONE-FLY FISHING IN THE EARLY MORNING.

THE stone-fly, like the May-fly, is soon a thing of the past, and although the stone-fly is not so much in evidence as the latter—in fact its presence is seldom realised, except by the chosen few—it is, nevertheless, eagerly taken by the trout, and contributes not a little to their lusty condition about the end of May and beginning of June. Odd stone-fly can be seen carried down stream, and occasionally one may be observed paddling landward for dear life in the shallows; but, unlike the May-fly, they are to be looked for under the stones and boulders near the water's edge. The males, or "jacks," are the more active, but the females, and where present the larger males, are preferable as bait, as they are readily seen when cast on the water, and are a more toothsome mouthful than their small brothers. It was my good fortune to be staying near the Wharfe this stone-fly season—a long-cherished wish to have some weeks of the summer right out in the country (although it meant coming into business daily) at last realised—and one morning, about 4 a.m., saw me out of bed and preparing for the fray. I had gathered a few fly overnight, but took some time in collecting suitable females and large "jacks," so that the sun had topped the fell before I had sufficient to begin with. I like to use a pannel tackle for this style of fishing, 4X gut and, of course, no split shot. I have the hooks whipped to the gut so that the bend of one is five-eighths of an inch from the bend of the other. Used in this way, you can put the end hook into the tail of the stone-fly and the other into its shoulder, not the head, as that kills it and makes it less attractive. A strong stream was my first trial, and a big female had only twice made the journey of its rather troubled waters and was coming into a quieter current, when I had a rise. Foolishly, I did not strike, thinking it a small fish and not wanting to spoil the fly—which

resulted, as was natural with such idiotic tactics, in losing the fish and recovering a very draggled fly fit for no further use; but in moments like that one forgets that the biggest fish often rise with the least show.

The next stream had its current principally from what you might call the apex of a triangle, while down the whole of one side of the imaginary triangle water came in and formed a smooth run all down the stretch between the two currents. A fly had only made a short journey when a welcome swirl betokened the first trout. I counted "One, two, three," before striking, so as to give him time to get the fly properly in his mouth, when he was soon kicking in the net, a nice fish just under half-a-pound. A little further up the run, and another rose. "One, two, three, and wallop!" and he joined his brother in the creel. A few fine eddies and swirls further up yielded no fish, and then, behind a boulder breaking the current of a strong stream, a fish rose quietly, and I was fast again. He played very gamely, nearly succeeding in fouling me under the stones, but his course was run, and a heavier fish was duly knocked on the head. Then a very favourite shallow for upstream worm showed never a fish, nor the stream to the side either, and so on to the next, which was no more kind.

The stream above is ideal water for fish, with a big boulder to the side and at the tail. I got a large female just right, to the side of the rock, but a heavy swirl was all the answer I received, and it was not until I got half-way to the head that a fish rose when I had for a moment lost sight of my fly. On lifting the line I felt him on, and he played for a moment, but a gleam of a side was the nearest I got to a personal acquaintance. Near the head of the stream a fish rose so quietly that I thought the line had

dragged the fly under, and I missed him also. Then one rose in about a foot of water, and he was duly creeled.

A beautiful spot was the next to be tried; a side wash of the river swinging round formed a curl in the current, and no sooner had the fly alighted than a big fish rose leisurely, like a porpoise, head and tail. To my particular temperament it is not easy to give a few seconds' grace before striking, and my wrist twitched almost on the view. Joy! I was fast. He at once plunged for some moss-grown rocks. I manœuvred out into the middle of the stream to catch him when he got tired of facing the current, as all the fish in those parts are past-masters in the art of bringing the current in as an ally, and there was a lot of broken water below. He played strongly, sulked for a moment and felt as though he was fouling the stones. Meanwhile I kept a light hand on him and was beginning to feel confident, and to reel the rod down so that when he did come up and make down stream I might take him unawares and bustle him into the net, when up he came and made for the rough water below. He was just opposite me, full of life and out of reach, when the gleam of his side disappeared, the rod jerked back and the sickening disappointment—known only too well of the fisherman for a good fish lost—filled my soul. He was by far the best fish I touched during my stay, and one that would not be easily tempted to rise except to the stone-fly. But I wonder if, later in the year, an up-stream worm, artistically placed, will have any attractions for him? Time alone can tell. It was now nearly 7.30, and time to be knocking off, as I had to go to business; but one stream more I hurried through, and quickly got another. The sunlight was dancing on the waves of the streams and making the whole countryside most alluring. The fish were surely still "on"; but I had to stop and sprint for home. My five fish were a good beginning to the day, and if I had been careful I might have had three or four more; but it was curious how they had all come out of the streamy parts of the river and how I had not had an offer in the thin flats. Possibly later in the day the thin water would have fished better. All legitimate forms of fishing have their attractions, but to watch a big stone-fly sailing down a favourite run the while you are on the tip-toe of expectation, to see the swirl and the "colour" of a fish, all on a deliciously fresh early morning of June, before the dew is off the meadows, is living indeed and joy to the full.

NORMAN N. LEE.

## THE ARBORETUM AND WOODS AT HATFIELD.

THE visitor, on entering the grounds of Hatfield House, the residence of the Marquess of Salisbury, passes along a winding road leading to the historical mansion, flanked by various conifers, in which *Cupressus Lawsoniana* and the Nootka cypress (*C. nootkensis*) predominate. To the left, the turf stretches for a considerable distance till it reaches the confines of a mixed avenue, containing some fine specimens of the English elm up to 90ft. and 100ft. high, interspersed with a few sycamores of corresponding height. In the shrubbery a small specimen of *Pinus insignis* is thriving on chalky soil, a Pine which, according to Mr. Barton, the forester of this estate, does remarkably well at Cranbourne in Dorsetshire, where its rate of growth is 3ft. to 4ft. per year, though in the more inland districts it is susceptible to frosts. In South Africa, Australia and New Zealand the merits of this Pine are well known, as witness the extensive plantations which obtain there.

Among the historical trees which abound at Hatfield, few claim greater attention than the Lion Oak, which, now 32ft. in girth and scarcely more in height, dates back to the Battle of Hastings, 1066; several others, probably contemporaneous, are scattered about the estate and, dwarfed and yet more curiously stunted, present a very grotesque appearance.

Three fine specimens of *Acer dasycarpum*, one of the American maples, averaging 50ft. high, may be seen here, one of which is infested with the mistletoe, a rather uncommon host plant. The mistletoe is particularly ubiquitous here, favouring not only the commoner hosts, but the false acacia (*Robinia Pseudacacia*) as well. Two specimens of *Zelkova crenata*, 80ft. to 90ft. high, among the finest in England, characterised by their beech-like, conspicuously lenticelled and buttressed trunks, have fruited, a rare occurrence in England. Among other trees in the vicinity, a white poplar, 50ft. high, with a spreading crown, and a small white beam, with a peculiarly erect and planera-like habit, claim attention; on the opposing side of the lake the grassy terraces leading to the mansion are beautified by various fine-shaped conifers of no considerable size. *Abies lowiana*, 70ft.; *Abies cephalonica*, 40ft.; a fine specimen of the Oriental spruce, 55ft. in height,

and a decrepit Babylonian willow, 45ft. high, with historical associations, are met with near the Maze on the south. Not far off, several vigorously-growing Whittingehame Eucalypts, a cross between *Eucalyptus Gunnii* and *E. urnigera*, averaging 30ft. high, meet the eye, while the Himalayan blue pine (*Pinus excelsa*), distinguished by its glaucous glabrous branchlets and long needles, is represented by numerous examples 50ft. to 70ft. in height, which are scattered over the estate. The latter is considerably enhanced by avenues composed mostly of the common lime (*Tilia vulgaris*), but the continual lopping of the lateral branches has in many cases incited the formation of witch-broom-like growths, which detract considerably from the beauty of these.

A finely formed holly hedge, about 4ft. high, with a conversely cut upper surface, measuring 200yds. in length, is particularly worthy of note. Close by, a freely fruiting specimen of *Cryptomeria japonica*, 60ft. high, evinced its natural habit of layering freely, numerous independent stems arising around the parent tree. The cones at the time of visit were of teratological interest in being tipped with green shoots—the extension of the axis, a not unusual phenomenon for this particular Chinese conifer, though in others extremely rare. *Picea Morinda* (*P. Smithiana*), 50ft. high, with its drooping twigs, and long slender radially arranged leaves; the redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*), 75ft. high; and the "Dutch elm" (*Ulmus major*), nearly 100ft. high, with a trunk of little taper, are among the finest of the trees near the conservatory. The particular elm alluded to yields, according to the forester, the finest of elm timbers in this country, though under the common name, *U. glabra*, a smaller and narrower leaved elm, is also included. One of the woods in the vicinity represents a mixed stand of approximately six to seven acres, composed of larch and hardwoods, with occasional Scots pine and spruce, which latter should perhaps not have been introduced. The association of larch and spruce is possibly always injudicious, in view of the aphid which preys on both, and forms nidi for the spores of *Peziza*, a very injurious fungus, the fructifications of which were all too often observed here.

The planting of oak and larch in mixture is successful, providing the soil is suitable to the former, as the young oaks become clean of stem and almost keep pace with the larch in height, though the latter must be removed in greater part in time to allow the former ample room. In the dip skirting the Long Ride, the richer nature of the soil, which is here a stiff and tenacious loam, is indicated by the corresponding vigour of the scattered English elms, larches and spruce up to 100ft. in height, while a mistletoe-infested fine specimen of the black Italian poplar (*Populus serotina*) was computed at 110ft., with a trunk girth of 12ft. at 5ft. from the ground. An adjacent oak with a fine bole was estimated at 650 cubical foot contents. A four-acre stand of Douglas fir, planted about fifteen years ago in mixture with larch, is now remarkably healthy and vigorous, some of the trees being 40ft. high. The larches have all been removed, and only the Douglas fir remains, the latter, now 12ft. to 18ft. apart, having established a nearly complete canopy. The persistent lateral branches, however, which will render the timber rough and knotty, suggest that the species should be planted pure at about 4ft. to 5ft. apart at the most.

Another plantation of larch, spruce and hardwoods, about forty years old, showed all too plainly the neglect of thinning-out the conifers in time, the oak and other broad-leaved trees being almost completely suppressed. A considerable area of the estate is covered by natural woods and thickets of the common hawthorn, which, at the time of our visit, leafless and covered with red haws, in conjunction with the greyish trunks and branchlets, afforded a peculiarly characteristic scene. The undergrowth here is entirely suppressed, and, the soil being very sandy, it offers an excellent covert for foxes.

The Pinetum, separated from the Vineyard by the river, contains a fine collection of conifers, and is of particular arboricultural interest in view of the fact that the various species have all been planted about the same time, and, moreover, have been each apportioned out a space, by which their individual merits and rate of growth may be fully studied. The Douglas fir, Sitka spruce, *Thuja gigantea* and a variety of the common spruce exhibit the greatest vigour of growth. A very fine specimen of *Cupressus Lawsoniana* var. *erecta viridis* obtains, which contrasts well in colour with the bluish form, var. *Alumi*. Among other species noted may be mentioned a fine specimen of the silver fir, *Abies nobilis*, *A. concolor*, *A. Nordmanniana* and *A. Pinsapo*; while among spruces, *Picea polita*, *P. Engelmannii* and *P. ajanensis* were particularly thriving. The true *Abies lasiocarpa* from the Rocky Mountains is here about 20ft. high, being the finest specimen in England. *Pinus Peuke*, not exceeding 20ft., the Western arbor-vitæ, *Thuja occidentalis*, of equal height and fruiting freely, *Libocedrus decurrens* and various junipers were also observed.

R. A. DUMMER.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE EAGLE OWL.

EAGLE owls in Germany are rarely seen in the wild state, but they are at times put to a somewhat ignoble use—that is, in serving as decoys for various species of hawks and even magpies and grey crows. I was initiated into this form of sport a short time ago in the district lying immediately to the east of the

Vosges Mountains, a district where, owing to the extensive partridge-shooting, hawks are looked upon with scant favour. The eagle owl, or Le Grand Duc as he is known, was carried to the chosen ground in a large basket slung on the back of the keeper. For several months Le Grand Duc had been kept in captivity, and somewhat resented his enforced journey in such cramped quarters, snapping his bill repeatedly and rolling those great eyes of his. Having arrived at the destination, a perch, at a



THE BASKET AND PERCH.

height of some four feet above ground, was erected, and on this perch the eagle owl condescended to alight after a great deal of diplomatic persuasion. We now proceeded to a specially constructed shelter in the neighbourhood and awaited developments. After a time a kestrel made its appearance, alighted on a tree at the edge of a field, and the excited chattering of a magpie was heard behind our shelter. Soon this latter bird swooped down on the owl, and was welcomed by a long shot from my host. I learned that buzzards not infrequently put in an appearance from the hill country to the westward, especially during the late summer, when they brought down their young to the plains. These buzzards swoop on the owl with lightning-like rapidity, the owl in the meanwhile crouching low with wings half distended and feathers ruffled. The peregrine occasionally appears on the scene, but the hawks shot consist mainly of the kestrel and the sparrowhawk. The keeper informed us that during the last season he had killed seventy hawks of various kinds, and no less than sixty buzzards, which would seem a somewhat regrettable fact, as the buzzard is now much less numerous in Germany than was formerly the case, though the strict protection afforded it during the last two years in the Schwarzwald has resulted in a decided increase of its numbers in that district.

### THE LIMIT OF GROWTH OF THE SCOTS FIR.

The Scots fir is found growing nowhere in Great Britain at a height exceeding 2,000 ft. above the sea at the present day. There are, indeed, but few districts where the trees approach this elevation, but near the western boundaries of Aberdeenshire are certain wild and remote glens where the pine flourishes near the 2,000 ft. level. It has, indeed, been stated that in one particular glen trees are



AN ATTITUDE OF SELF-DEFENCE.

*Showing third eyelid in use.*

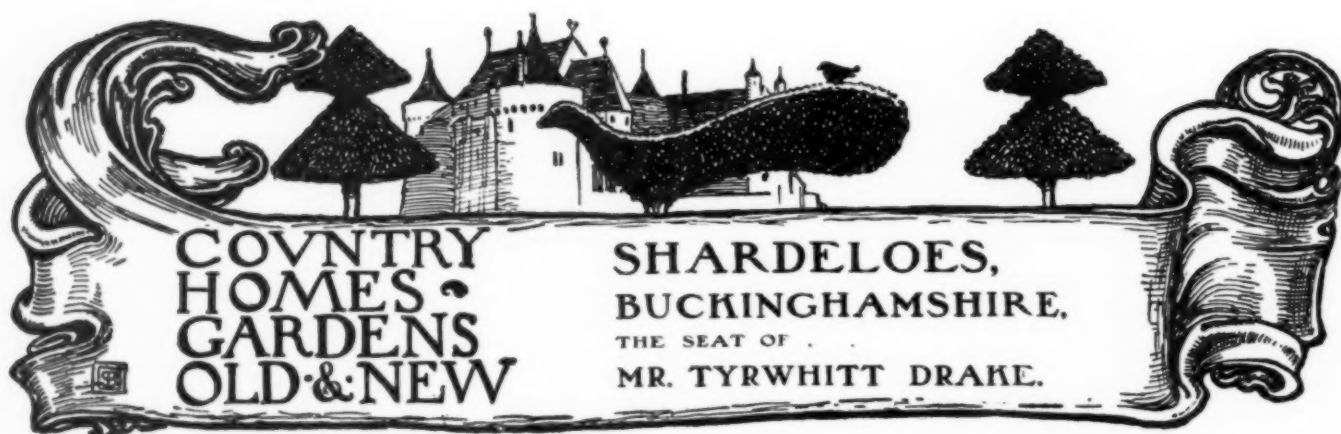
met with up to a height of 2,200 ft., but my personal investigations have failed to confirm this statement, and I doubt whether a single mature Scots fir could be discovered growing at the latter elevation. It is at these great heights that the phenomenon of spiral growth—already referred to—is frequently met with. The forest line in earlier times extended to well above the 2,000 ft. line. Recently I found the remains of a fir root at quite a noteworthy elevation—just over 3,000 ft. above sea-level—and if the root was really a native of the spot where it was discovered, the forest line must have formerly been a full 1,000 ft. above what it is at the present day.

### STAGS CHANGING THEIR QUARTERS.

A short time ago I was witness of curious behaviour on the part of a couple of hill-stags. I was crossing a certain wild pass connecting the counties of Inverness and Aberdeen, and in a Speyside forest disturbed two stags. The beasts kept ahead of me for some time, travelling quickly up the pass in the teeth of a strong southerly wind. I then lost sight of them and supposed that they had turned off to one side, as they had every opportunity of doing. A thick mist was now covering the hill, and it was not until I had descended to comparatively low ground on the further side of the watershed that I got below the clouds. Almost the first objects that the lifting of the mist disclosed were the two stags, still pressing on southwards, and when I had my last sight of them they had covered a distance of quite seven miles. Their behaviour led me to expect that they were stags belonging to the more southern of the two forests, and were glad of an excuse to return to their former quarters. Stags, it is well known, prefer to make their way against a wind, and this is markedly the case when they are disturbed. SETON GORDON.



THE EAGLE OWL.



THE early history of the manor of Shardeloes, or "Sharlees," according to a tomb in Amersham Church of 1625, reveals little of interest. It belonged in turn to the Latymers, Brudenells and Cheneyes of Chesham Bois. In Elizabeth's reign it passed by purchase to the Tothills, and William of that name, a clerk in Chancery, lived there, but all traces of his house seem to have disappeared. He married Catherine Denham, and, though they were the parents of thirty-three children, no son succeeded, and the eldest daughter, Joane, was married against her will to Francis Drake, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to James I. She brought him considerable fortune with Shardeloes, but he paid dearly for it. A queer pamphlet of 1654, "The Fire-brand taken out of the Fire," written by four reverend divines, sets out how she was under the power and severe discipline of Satan for the space of ten years. The divines assure us that she was a woman of the deepest piety, but her certainty that she was a lost soul occasioned her husband deep discomfort. By "Extraordinary paines" of the four divines she was redeemed from this tyranny, but only to die almost at once. She spent the last years of her life at Shardeloes, and in 1625, the year of her death, Francis Drake became one of two members of Parliament for Amersham. He came of the good Devon stock of the Drakes of Ashe, and his father, Richard, had been a courtier before him as

Equerry to Elizabeth. Doubtless the fine original portrait of the Queen which hangs to-day in the drawing-room at Shardeloes was a Royal gift. The eldest son of the afflicted lady was a man of vigour and judgment. He added to his estates the adjoining manor of Amersham in 1665. He had been made a baronet in 1641, but died in 1669. He was succeeded by his nephew, Sir William Drake, the fourth of the name to sit as M.P. for the little borough. He built the delightful brick market-house in 1685, which still adorns the broad main street of Amersham. From 1625 until 1831, when the Reform Bill disfranchised Amersham, there was nearly always one Drake, and sometimes two, father and son, to represent the hundred or so free and independent electors. It was to William Drake, who lived from 1723 to 1769, that we are indebted for the interesting country seat illustrated this week.

The main architectural interest of the house lies in the fact that it is not only the earliest work of Robert Adam, but practically unaltered from its original state. Shardeloes, built in 1759-1761, followed immediately upon Robert Adam's return, in 1758, from his momentous tour in Italy and Dalmatia. It was not until 1764 that he could command sufficient leisure to bring out his great work on Diocletian's Palace of Spalatro, which, with the aid of Clerisseau and two assistants, he had measured in the brief space of five weeks, in July, 1757. What he had learnt from that monument of the late Roman Empire, and from his other studies in Italy and Rome, was destined

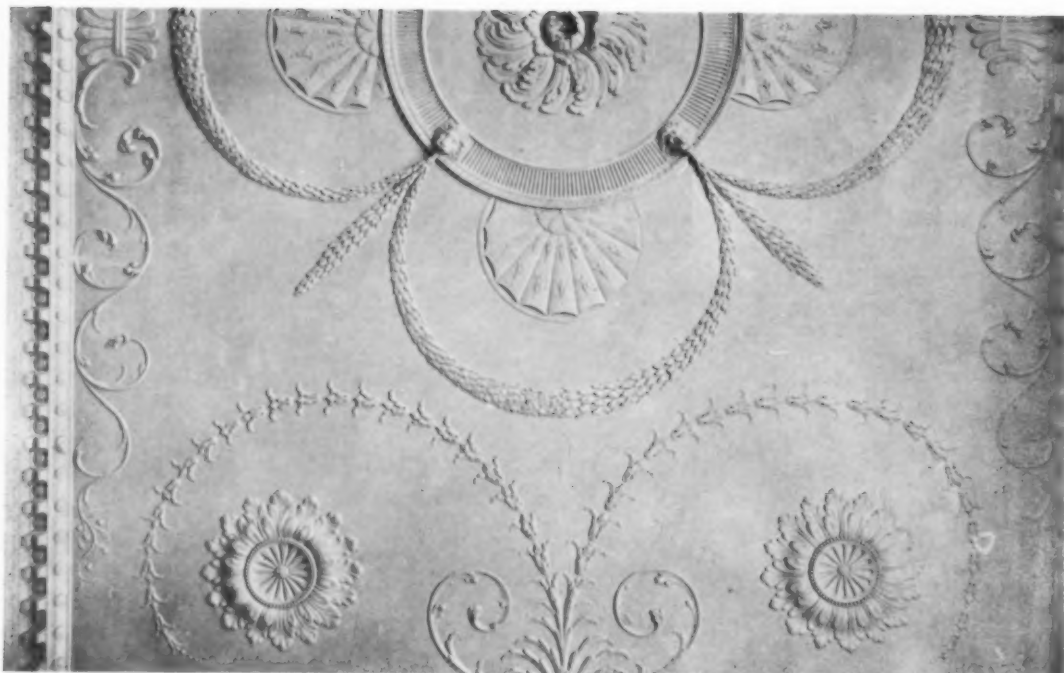




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IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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to modify profoundly the art of interior decoration in England. The name of Adam stands now for a definite style of interior work, which is found well-nigh the world over. It represents, if you will, a Drawing-room style, and therefore, perhaps, is well-nigh as universal as that centre of social life. What Adam conceived himself to have done may be given in his own words, taken from his Introduction to the "Works in Architecture of Robert and James Adam, Esqs.," published in 1778: "In the decoration of the inside, an almost total change, the massive compartment ceiling, the tabernacle frame, almost the only species of ornament formerly known, in this country are now universally exploded, and in their place we have adopted a beautiful variety of light mouldings, gracefully formed, delicately enriched and arranged with propriety and skill. We have introduced a great diversity of ceilings, friezes and decorated pilasters, and have added grace and beauty to the whole, by a mixture of grotesque stucco and painted ornaments, together with the flowing rain-ceau, with its fanciful figures and winding foliage." Adam in his notes to this passage, claims to have followed the real Roman practice in private or domestic, as opposed to their temple, architecture. However this may be, Shadlowes represents the origination rather than the full accomplishment of the idea.

As an early work it has a strong hold on what had gone before, with the added interest of the germinating stage of a new manner. In the interiors we see the heavier and bolder ornamentation of the beginner. The wild curves and scrolls of leafage in these early works had yet to be modified and harmonised into a new system. Naturalistic tendencies are observable and forms not yet subdued to the restraints of the neo-classical ideal. The wall decorations of the dining-room are, perhaps,

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE HALL OR SALOON.

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the most symptomatic piece of work at Shardeloes, requiring less of the taming process than the ceilings to be found there. In these wall-panels the sphinxes and inserted bas-reliefs, which were to form the central motives of his system, already appear to strike the true Adam note. The finish and delicacy of his later work is rather indicated than achieved at Shardeloes. Like Adam's other early work, there is here much more use of the real materials and less of composition ornament than became

customary later. The house contains an immense quantity of wood-carving in enriched skirtings, dado rails, door and window casings. The doors are magnificent specimens of mahogany aged to the colour of a tawny port wine, and dulled in polish to a delightful tone. As the walls are of a magnificent



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DINING-ROOM CEILING.

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thickness, most of the doors are double, with standing space between them, a feature, alas! which modern economies of building have banished from our present day homes. In the interior the rooms remain seemingly untouched. The wall-colourings are now faded to pleasant tones of green, lilac and grey, while the ceilings are mostly white. In later work Adam was polychromatic and, where they are restored, his interiors may seem unduly vivid. In

his own hands probably the tones were so adjusted that they were the equivalent of Wedgwood's scheme of coloration.

Adam has often been assailed, both in his own time, notably by Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, and since by



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THE DINING-ROOM.

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critics who have followed them, on the score of his idealistic house-planning. Shardeloes, however, reveals Adam as a designer of an English home. The interiors are absolutely reasonable and liveable, in spite of the century and a half that have elapsed since their completion. The rooms are, of course, on a considerable scale, the saloon is thirty feet square, and all of the ground floor rooms are eighteen feet high, but these are not impossible proportions, such as are

bay in the ceiling, cross-vaulted in a typical Adam fashion. One side of this fine kitchen is taken up by three wide-spread elliptical recesses, two of which are fitted with ranges. Sculleries, larders and laundry have been built for a great establishment, and the stabling is extensive. These annexes group well with the house as seen from the lower level near the lake, standing out in grey and cream tones against the glorious masses of the trees that fill in the background. There is an orangery, with a wood



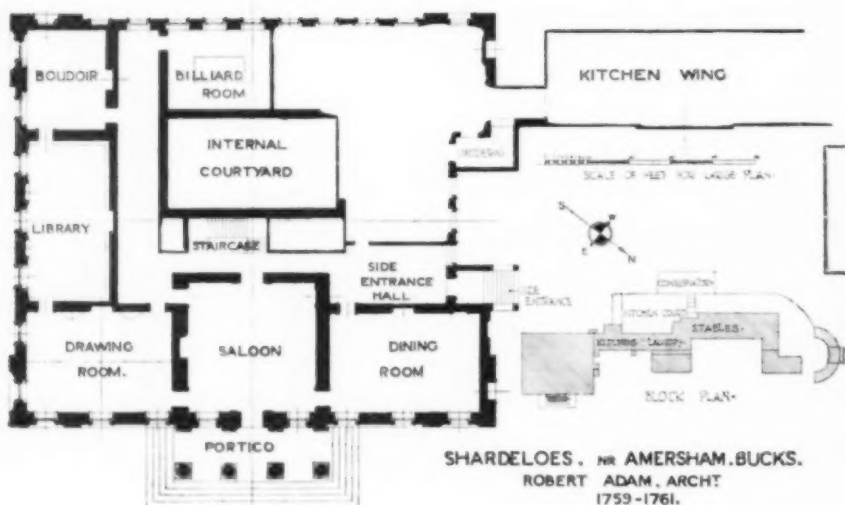
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often found in the eighteenth century houses. The internal court has simplified the planning to a considerable extent, though it is curious to remark the odd staircases that exist in corners. Naturally, the kitchen and office arrangements, though on a large scale, do not exhibit modern ideas of distribution and convenience. The stable building is an effective though simple piece of external architecture. In the kitchen wing a fine apartment has been formed, with a raised central

façade of arches and Doric columns with a pediment, which appears to be of the same date as the house. At the extreme end of the stable block is a square tower with quadrant wings, which may possibly have been an enormous dovecot. Its position suggests that it was intended to close a vista, but, owing to additions to the stables it has been subsequently masked. It is a perfectly plain piece of stuccoed brickwork, interesting in its mass.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

The natural lie of the valley doubtless determined the position of the house, and the chief apartments could hardly be better placed to command the view. The plan now reproduced, which has been specially made, shows the leading features, and gives a key to the general distribution of the offices. The dining-room at the northern end of the east front is a fine apartment, and is richly decorated with panels entirely filled with stucco reliefs. The ceiling is curious with its large oval, modified

by very free foliage. The crossed thyrsis and the ivy recall the joyous habits of the eighteenth century squire. As a whole the ceiling suffers from its heterogeneous ornaments, insufficiently welded together. The



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THE HALL FIREPLACE.

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white marble chimney-piece is of Adam type. There is a central panel of boys at play, better executed than the anthemion frieze, which is rather thick in its lines. It has relief from a red marble ground. The mahogany sideboard, which is an interesting piece of furniture, is flanked by two deal vases, painted in white and gold, on pedestals. The saloon in the centre of the east front, about thirty feet square, is very stately, and in that form of Doric which Adam afterwards developed so effectively at Lansdowne House. The great doors are interesting pieces of woodwork, with their triglyph doorcases; but they are not in such good proportional relation to each other as the architect achieved in his later works. This saloon is a very pleasant apartment, hung with tapestries and decorated with busts, and boasting not a few specimens of interesting furniture. The drawing-room, in contrast to the faded blue of the saloon, is all in cream, relieved by two fine gilded mirror frames of a typical Adam character. They stand on gilded console tables with scagliola tops of quadrant form, on either side of the white marble mantelpiece, with its fluted Ionic columns. The pierced steel grate, with its columns and vase terminals, is interesting. The notable pictures are the original portraits of Queen Elizabeth and her Chancellor, Hatton, and some landscapes and views of buildings in Italy. The plaster ceiling has a central circle, with four lions' heads linked up by bold swags. There are four fans, features which Adam afterwards developed with great effect. The rather wild scrolls on the ceiling illustrate the early character of the work.

The library, occupying the centre of the south front, is perhaps as characteristic as any of the rooms. The distribution of the south wall in a shallow arcade, with the bookcases worked in as a projection on the piers between the arches, evidently



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pleased Adam, as he followed up the idea in subsequent work. The other walls of the room are entirely lined for two-thirds of their height with white deal casings and wire panel doors showing the books behind. The bookcases are pleasantly detailed with fluted frieze and characteristic Adam finishings. The dado base is perfectly plain, but skirting and chair rail are enriched very fully. The entrance doors are worked into the scheme so that the line of the book-

casings is kept throughout. Above, there is a series of wall panels, filled in with shaded paintings in white on green, like a Wedgwood cameo relief on a large scale. The fine mantelpiece in white marble, with Siena yellow relief, has long fluted consoles and a central panel of a vase in low relief. The last of this fine suite of rooms is the boudoir at the south-western corner. The white marble mantel has a frieze of *verde antique*, with central panel of vase and grapes. The consoles, with realistic ivy wreaths, are curious, and over them are set birds pecking at the grapes. It is a very pleasing and appropriate room, a resting-place after the tour of the more stately apartments.

The staircase is of oak, with wrought-iron panels set between plain bars. It leads up to a wide gallery, from which the bedrooms are entered. Adam



Copyright. IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

seems to have anticipated the opinion and practice of Barry, who held that scenic staircases occupied space better given to a fine hall.

Adam was a sound planner, even beyond the standard of his age, and quite alive to the exigencies of the domestic life of his own times. The steady occupancy of the Adelphi houses is as instructive as the almost unaltered condition of Shardeloes, after a century and a half of continuous residence.

The design of the exterior of the house is as reasonable as the interiors. Assuming that the spirit of the eighteenth century required the satisfaction of the great Corinthian Portico, surely there was never one less sacrificial than this of Shardeloes. The columns are no detriment to the saloon, and only one bedroom on the east front can be said to suffer from the overshadowing effect of the portico projection. Much of the



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THE DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

reasonableness of the feature is due to the absence of any podium involving a basement. The few steps, wide and easy, lead to a pleasant covered space accessible from the saloon, rather than to a formal place of entry. It is true that the road passes the portico and proceeds round to a covered porch on the north side, which is the general entrance. This, however, is probably a concession to the unceremoniousness of subsequent times, which has deleted the formalities of the state entry from the chain of customs that must be observed. The grand portico loses, of course, in the distant view, as, the fall of the ground being rather sharp and untterraced, it lacks the necessary elevation to develop its effect. Shardeloes was, we imagine, never completed in respect of lay-out. It is just set down on the ground with lawns surrounding it, and their own rise and fall are irrespective of the lines of the house. Where the portico may be most open to criticism is that it is excessive in width relative to the whole façade, which is hardly of sufficient extent for so large a feature. The south and west fronts are particularly happy instances of that quiet form of classic which so nearly became a permanent tradition in England. It is not so much an Adam creation as the idea of the Burlington-Kent school, deriving from Inigo Jones, still carried on in an attenuated form. There are no orders, simply well-proportioned openings, and piers, with accentuated ends to each façade, a modest cornice and a simple balustrade. In this design the end bays are particularly happy, with their arched recesses, elliptical on plan, holding a delightful shadow of subtle curving form.

Leaving Shardeloes, it is this effect of wide sunlit sparkling masses, produced by well-defined shadows from architrave and cornice, that lingers in the memory. In its deep setting of June foliage it is like a pearl carelessly disposed in the folds of an emerald velvet gown.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

## CAT LORE.

IF one of the modern generation could be transported back into an ancient Roman household of the early Empire, he would be struck by the absence of one indispensable member of every modern household—the domestic cat. This little animal we know to belong to the family of lions and tigers, the least tamable of beasts, and it is due to the endless patience and skill of that mysterious race, the ancient Egyptians, that an animal with such wild and roving instincts should have been, in the course of ages, so thoroughly domesticated. The Egyptians seem to have reared their cats in large numbers, and we know that they regarded them as sacred, and that they embalmed their dead bodies. This particular superstition, therefore, has, unlike ordinary cases of superstition, aided and not retarded civilisation. Cats probably were at first valued, and afterwards held sacred, as ridding the houses of vermin, and the peculiar sanctity with which they were regarded struck Herodotus as very remarkable. Whenever a house took fire, the chief care of the inhabitants was to save the cats: the human beings might run their chance, but the cats must be saved at all risks. When a cat died a natural death, every inmate of the house shaved his eyebrows; the dead cats were carried to the sacred tombs at Bubastis, where they were embalmed and then buried. In recent years whole acres of buried cats have been disinterred, and not many years since a cargo of embalmed and buried cats which had been dug up was shipped to Liverpool, and there sold for manure. The cats of Alexandria were looked on as images of Neith, the Goddess of Wisdom, and, indeed, we can imagine a simple and superstitious race, in a land where, as the Greeks remarked, "it is easier to find a god than a man," seeing much wisdom hid in the inscrutable gaze of the cat. The Greeks borrowed the proverb from the Egyptians, "as like as a cat is to Athene," to express an absolute contrast. From Egypt, too, comes the story of a cat metamorphosed into a lady to please a prince who had fallen in love with it. The lady was dressed out in her bridal robes, but on seeing a mouse on the floor proceeded to give chase to its enemy and prey. To show the veneration in which cats were held, Diodorus tells us of an incident of which he was an eye-witness. He was a contemporary of Augustus, and the name of the Romans was at that time regarded with peculiar terror by the Egyptians, who had express injunctions from their king to avoid at all risks quarrelling with a Roman. But a Roman soldier killed a cat by accident, and the mob rose and put the soldier to death before the eyes of the historian. It is fortunate indeed that the cat became known to the world while the Roman Empire still was flourishing, and before ascetic Christianity and proselytising Mahomedanism had suppressed the old Egyptian worship, for otherwise we might never have known our domestic pets, who would have probably perished with the other traces of Egyptian culture and would have added another to the lists of animals that were once tamed and have ceased to be so, such as the African elephant,

which carried Hannibal's soldiers to victory over snow and ice, over the trackless Alps, and is now rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth before the rifle of the British sportsman.

It should be added that the name of the cat in ancient Egyptian (represented by Coptic) is MAW; feminine MAWYT. It is often mentioned in Egyptian inscriptions; and personal names such as "Cat" or TA-MAWYT ("the cat") are common, reminding us of such names as Kitcat and Catt, both well-known English surnames. Professor Newbury, the well-known Egyptologist, says that a good representation of the *Felis maniculata*, dating from about 2000 B.C., is published in "Beni Hasan," Vol. IV., Plate V., and a figure with the name above it in "Beni Hasan," Vol. II., Plate VI. One is tempted to think that the Egyptians must have named their cats after the sound which they utter, and no doubt uttered two thousand years ago.

The ordinary explanation of the origin of "puss" is that it is a corruption of "Pasht," the Goddess of Chastity, but this is doubtful, for Bast or Ubaset was the cat-headed goddess. It may also be of interest to note that the beautiful mosaics found recently among the Roman buildings in North Africa represent the different animals captured, no doubt for the combats of wild animals in Rome, but among these the cat is conspicuous by its absence.

The Greeks and Romans suffered from time to time from plagues of mice, and indeed Rutilius, in his poem, "De Reditu in Patriam," tells us that he saw the ruins of Cosa, whose inhabitants were said to have deserted their town in terror of a plague of "mures," although it is not clear whether he meant by this term mice or rats. The name "mouse" itself comes from a root meaning "to steal," and we have seen in modern times what devastation can be brought about by the sudden appearance of an army of these rodents. The natural enemies of these tiny thieves would be the wild cat and animals of the weasel tribe, such as stoats, weasels and polecats. Now the wild cat is practically untamable, and we must not look upon it as the near relation of the Egyptian cat, to whatever breed the latter may have belonged. But the Romans and Greeks tamed some kind of weasel, just as in modern times we have tamed ferrets and the Indian mongoose. The Romans called this animal *mustela*, *felis* and possibly *meles*, though it is uncertain whether the latter word does not denote a badger. In any case, we must not understand the word *felis* as signifying the domestic cat, which, as we shall see, was of later importation into Italy. Both in Greece and in Italy we find the mouse and the weasel spoken of as natural enemies. In Plautus one of the speakers describes how a weasel seized a mouse before his very feet. Pliny expressly tells us that two kinds of *mustela* are known to him—the wild and the tame—implying that the wild species grows larger than the tame one, and he speaks of the tame kind as commonly seen in Roman houses. Phadrus has a fable about a mouse and a weasel, where we should certainly have expected to hear of a cat. Horace speaks of a weasel as creeping into a corn-bin and feeding itself full, presumably of mice. The same poet, in his pretty story of the town and country mouse, tells us that the latter was scared away, not by cats, but by large dogs (*molossi*).

A mosaic taken from Pompeii, and now in the Museo Nazionale in Naples, represents a cat devouring a quail; but the cat seems, from its colouring and shape, to be a wild one. It is not till the time of Palladius, who wrote a treatise, "De re rustica," probably about the middle of the fourth century A.D., that we meet in Roman literature with the true cat, under the name of *Catus*, the name by which the animal has since been known by most of the nations of the world who are familiar with the animal. The statement of Palladius is that it is profitable to keep cats (*catti* or *cati*) to keep down "talpæ." Now, by "talpæ" it is probable that he understood either the rat, which seems to have made its appearance in Europe probably about this time, or the mouse, and this supposition is borne out by the fact that the Italians employ the word *topo* to signify the rat. Now, we do not know for certain the date of the first appearance of rats in Europe; but the opinion expressed by the German *savant*, Hehn, in his classical work, "Kultur-pflanzen und Haustierte" (from which the writer has in this paper largely borrowed), seems probable that the rat came into the Roman Empire with the invading hordes from the East who overran the Empire at the end of the fourth century. Here philology comes to our aid in a curious and interesting way. The Celtic languages, such as Welsh and Irish, call the rat the "Frankish mouse," implying that it came from the East. The modern Greeks call it "the Pontic mouse," with the same implication. Of the Slavish nations, the Poles called the rat by a name which also signified mouse, and the German word *rato* answers to the Russian word for mole, *krot*. It would therefore seem that an invasion of rats must have taken place during the fourth century, and that the Egyptian cat must have been imported from the East to aid in repelling

the plague of Eastern rodents. That it was known in Britain, and highly prized, in the tenth century is plain from a Welsh law quoted by Pennant—a law of the reign of Howell the Good, who died in 938 A.D., fixing the prices of cats according to their age and qualities, beginning with a price for a kitten before it could see, and enacting that if anyone stole or killed the cat that guarded the Prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece and a lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. The wild cat must not be supposed to be the ancestor of our domestic pet. The survival of the real wild cat has been disputed in the pages of the *Scotsman*, but there can

be little doubt that a few specimens still linger on in the wild country of Northern Scotland. A few years since, the present writer was offered two specimens of the genuine wild cat for sale; this was in Inverness. They were so savage that they were confined in double cages, and it has been found impossible to tame their young. Mr. George Tennison, in an interesting article in the *Manchester Guardian*, tells us that the last specimens disappeared from Helvellyn and the wilds of Wales about 1760. The origin of our domestic cat has been much discussed; but the prevailing opinion appears to be that it is the descendant of the so-called *Kaffie* cat, crossed with the Egyptian variety, and no doubt influenced by other species of wild cats, such as the so-called *Chaus* cat of India. H. A. STRONG.

## ENGLAND'S POLO CHALLENGE OF 1913.

THE IMPRESSION OF AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

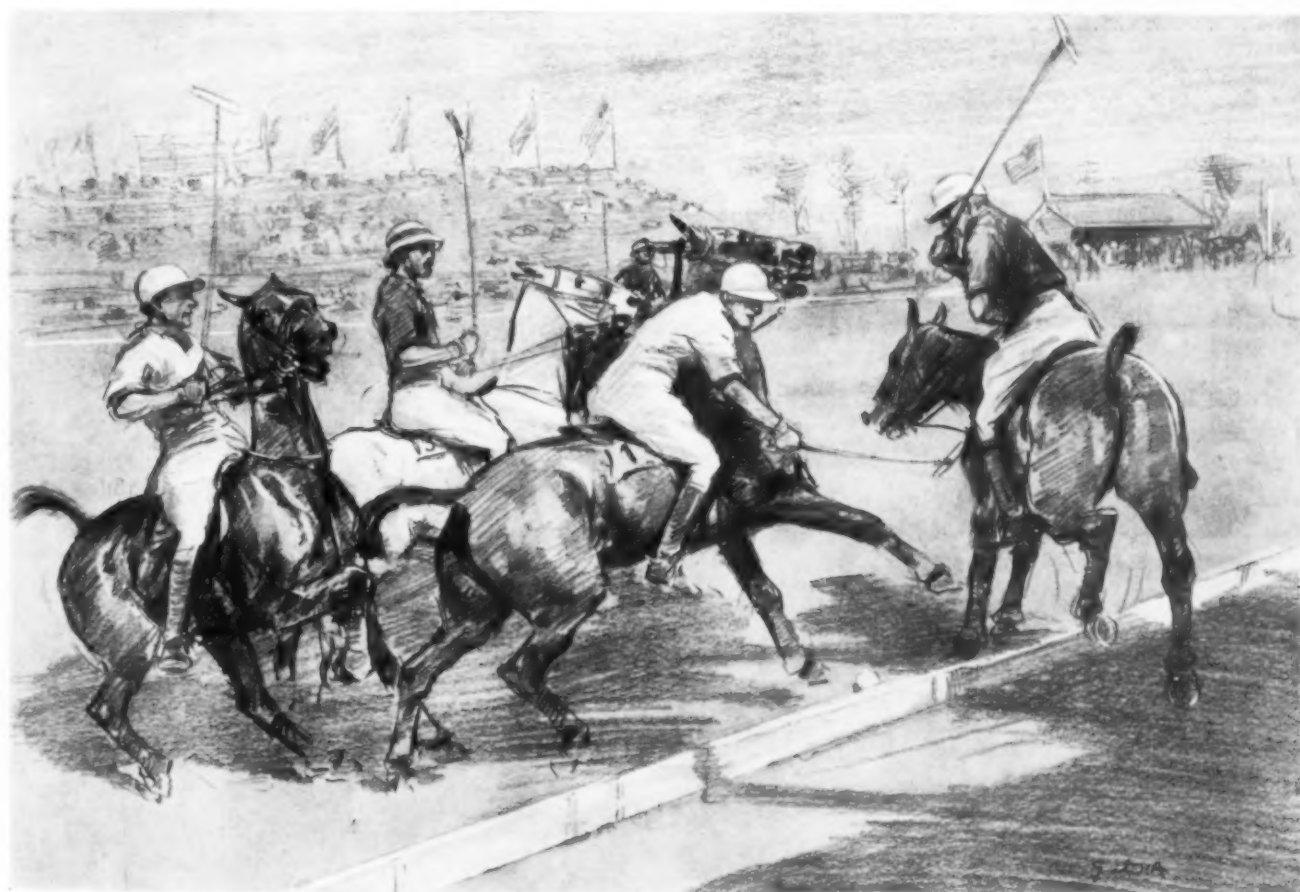


A SENSATIONAL RUN UP THE FIELD: CAPTAIN RITSON ON STEWART.

[We now reproduce Mr. Armour's sketches of the final game, and are glad to accompany them with an article by a well-known American authority on polo, Mr. J. C. Cooley.—ED.]

ENGLAND had lost the first game, and at the start of the eighth chukker in the second was a quarter-goal to the bad. Behind the west stand a fiery hot sun sank lower and lower, throwing the shadows

of the British and American flags far across the polo ground. On the stands, crowded at the rails at each end, massed on every conceivable point of vantage, were some thirty-five thousand enthusiastic Americans who had been cheering wildly all the afternoon. But as the eighth period progressed, and the scanty store of minutes flew by, the crowd became very silent, and watched almost breathlessly. There were



A SCRIMMAGE ON THE BOARDS: MR. FREAKE GETS THE BALL AWAY.



ONE OF THE WHIRLWIND MOMENTS.

left only about three minutes of play, and English men and English ponies were attacking America's goal in a last desperate rally. It was a splendid exhibition of fine courage, and I do not think there were many Americans in that great throng, no matter how chauvinistic, who withheld their admiration at the exhibition of dogged pluck. Mr. Freake had made a long shot for goal, and the crowd drew a sigh of relief when the ball was seen to cross the line to the right of the posts. It was knocked out, and a few seconds later, from near the boards at the north-east end, Mr. Freake again struck for goal with a beautiful shot under his pony's neck. It was an impossible angle, but the shot was wonderfully good, and to the agonised spectators the ball seemed to be perilously close to the goal. But it went over the line, again to the right of the posts, and

once more Mr. Milburn knocked out. A second more of play, and the gong, which put an end to England's hopes, rang out, and the great English polo invasion of 1913 was a matter of history.

I do not think that anyone who was present at Meadow Brook during this second international match will ever forget it, and I have rarely seen anything finer than that last brave attempt of the four English players to retrieve a lost cause. It was a bitterly hard game to lose, for in the seventh period England was ahead, and then came the foul against Captain Lockett, which, of course, according to our rules, meant a penalty of one-half a goal, and the advantage that England then lost she never regained.

Before the first match England was a decided favourite in the betting. The team had shown excellent form,

and with each game the ponies had improved. Naylor, the Duke of Westminster's stud-groom, knew quite well what he was doing, and went very slowly with his charges. Their improvement was continuous, and their condition in that final period of the second game, a game played under a scorching sun, clearly showed the skill and judgment of Captain Miller and Naylor. In their practice games the English players had likewise shown excellent form. Captain Cheape was the same terrific hitter, and his direction seemed improved; Captain Edwards was knocking goals from all angles, and his form seemed even better than in 1911 (and we all know how good that form was); Captain Ritson had won enthusiastic praise on account of his extraordinary dash and wonderful hitting; and Captain Lockett appeared a steady and reliable No. 4 to back up this really brilliant team. On the other hand, the situation with



AFTER A THROW IN.

our players seemed to be in chaos. Of the old four only Mr. Milburn seemed to retain his old form. Mr. L. Waterbury was at times playing brilliantly, but his work was ragged; Mr. J. M. Waterbury, jun., appeared to have hopelessly lost his skill, and up to the last week was playing wretchedly; and Mr. Whitney, weighed down by the responsibility of properly defending the Cup, which his team had won in 1909 and defended in 1911, was playing with little dash. Less than a week before the day set for the first game a new team was put in the field captained by Mr. Foxhall Keene, well known on your side of

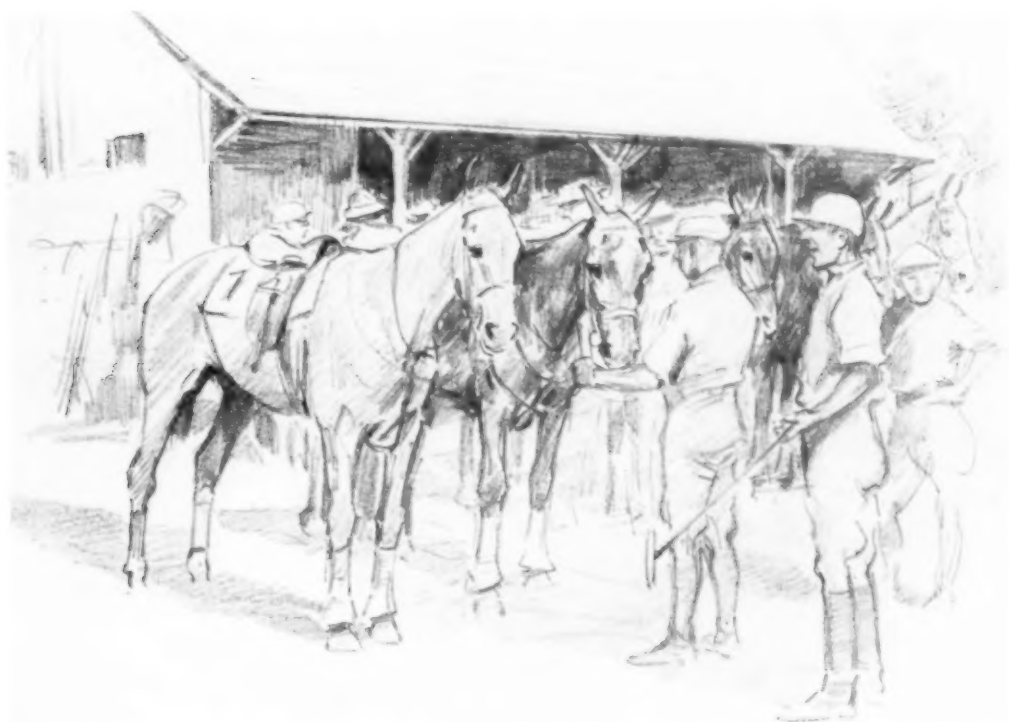
meet Mr. Whitney's team. If they were going to win, and they had reason to feel some confidence in their ultimate success, they wanted to beat the famous four. But taking into consideration all this confusion and change, it is not to be wondered at that the fear was general that the time had come for our defeat, and that the Cup would go back to England. The first chukker of the memorable game on June 10th dissipated that fear, and set Americans wild with enthusiasm. The renaissance of the spirit and skill which had made the American team in previous years unconquerable was as

sudden as it was unexpected. One minute and thirty-six seconds after the game was started, Mr. J. M. Waterbury, jun., showing all his old-time skill and deadly accuracy, had scored, and he repeated the trick in two minutes and twenty-eight seconds. Before the period ended Mr. Milburn had also struck a goal, and the score, at the close of this first chukker, stood: America, 3; England, 0. As we only won the first game by a margin of two and a-half goals, it will be seen that on the last seven chukkers England actually beat America; but that first overwhelming attack of America told the story, and meant defeat for England. Mr. Whitney's fame as a clear-brained and far-sighted captain is not founded on theory. It is an indisputable fact, and it was never more clearly proved than this year. He realised perfectly that his chance of beating England was to rush her off her feet in a first wild charge. To surprise her was imperative, so he and Mr. J. M. Water-

bury, jun., the players whose form had been weakest in preliminary practice, warmed up before the match in no uncertain way. It was not the gentle warming up customary, for they had gone outside the grounds and done good hard work, and when they came on for play they were keen and ready to give their best. And they gave it, and, with Mr. L. Waterbury and Mr. Milburn, rose to the occasion most brilliantly. Also Mr. Whitney had his men start on their handiest and favourite ponies. As individuals all four men have never played better; as a team their work was matchless. The Waterburys were hitting to each other with their old-time ease and accuracy, interchanging positions readily. Mr. Whitney was playing in great form, watching every move, ready to fall back for the defence when Mr. Milburn came through with one of his marvellous runs. I doubt whether a finer exhibition of polo has ever been given than that of Mr. Milburn's. He was always going at racing speed. He was extraordinarily versatile in his strokes, hitting with great freedom on either side of his pony, and the distance he got in his strokes was so tremendous that he often changed defence into attack in a fraction of time. So accustomed are the Messrs. Waterbury to be served with these long back-handers that when they see Mr. Milburn about to strike, they start to turn, ready to attack their opponents' defence, knowing that the ball nine times out of ten will come up to them. Against such a defence it is no wonder that England failed.

In defeat the English players showed themselves thorough sportsmen. Their splendid fight in those last minutes will not be forgotten. And when the match was over Captain Ritson in mid-field gave his pony to a groom and in a minute was at Mr. Whitney's side, his hand on his shoulder, congratulating him. There can be no real sting in defeat for such men. The fight's the thing, and the joy of battle not to be forgotten, whether ending in victory or defeat.

I was talking with Mr. Freake after the game. He looked a pretty tired man, but he had a cheery smile, no excuses to offer and no reproaches to make. He only blamed himself for failing to make a goal in that last three minutes, when he had driven the ball outside the goal posts. He said, "I saw my chance to strike and felt that here was my opportunity



MR. L. E. STODDART (NO. 1 AMERICAN TEAM) AND SOME OF HIS PONIES.

the water and a veteran of the game. In fact, he was one of the members of the American team of 1886 who lost the Westchester Polo Cup, known now as the International Trophy, to a team captained by the late Mr. John Watson. Two days after this team was announced as the one selected to meet England, Mr. Keene, in practice, broke his collarbone. This was on Saturday, June 7th. On Sunday, the 8th, a meeting of the committee was held, and it was decided to rely once more on Mr. Whitney and the old four

who had brought so much fame to America. The fact that the old team were finally called upon to defend the Cup undoubtedly pleased the public. Men and women who pretended to know little about polo felt that to the team who in the past had showed themselves so capable should be entrusted the honour of defence. I think your English team were also pleased that they were to



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE MATCH.

Mr. H. M. Herbert, Chairman of the Polo Association of America, demonstrates one of the uses of the Cup.

to win the game." I think he blamed himself unjustly. There had been a scrimmage in mid-field and the ball came up to him from Captain Ritson. Mr. Whitney was almost on top of him, and between him and the goal was Mr. Milburn on his handiest pony, Tenby. He had no time to dribble, and he

struck, straightening his pony as he did so. If it had been a goal, it would have been a marvellous one, but in failing to make it there was no blame. Ready and armed to do his best and try his hardest is all that can be asked of any fighter. Then Fate steps in to decide.

J. C. COOLEY.

## EXHIBITION OF BRITISH DEER HEADS.

### SOME FURTHER NOTES.

THE confidence of the committee has been more than justified by the large number of visitors to the Exhibition of British Deer Heads now being held at 5A, Pall Mall East, the Galleries of the Royal Water Colour Society. In fact, it has been resolved to keep the Exhibition open for a week longer than was originally intended. The room never lacked highly interested spectators, even in the first four days of the show, despite the gala performance at the International Horse Show and the various festivities organised in connection with the visit of M. Poincaré. In spite of the slight crowding of the Scottish heads the hanging has given complete satisfaction. One gentleman, on catching sight of his royal, remarked, "By gad! the old chap looks better than he does in the dining-room!"

A noticeable feature in comparing the heads killed before 1875 and those shot after that date is the lack of style, if I may use the expression, in modern heads. The wild character of the horns which Landseer loved to depict is noticeably absent from most modern heads. No. 5, a royal shot in Glenartney circa 1843, lent by Mrs. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, illustrates this point. There are literally dozens of heads in the show of greater length, many of equal thickness and a few with as good a span, but its quality sets it above criticism and puts it in a class among the very best heads exhibited. Of the modern heads

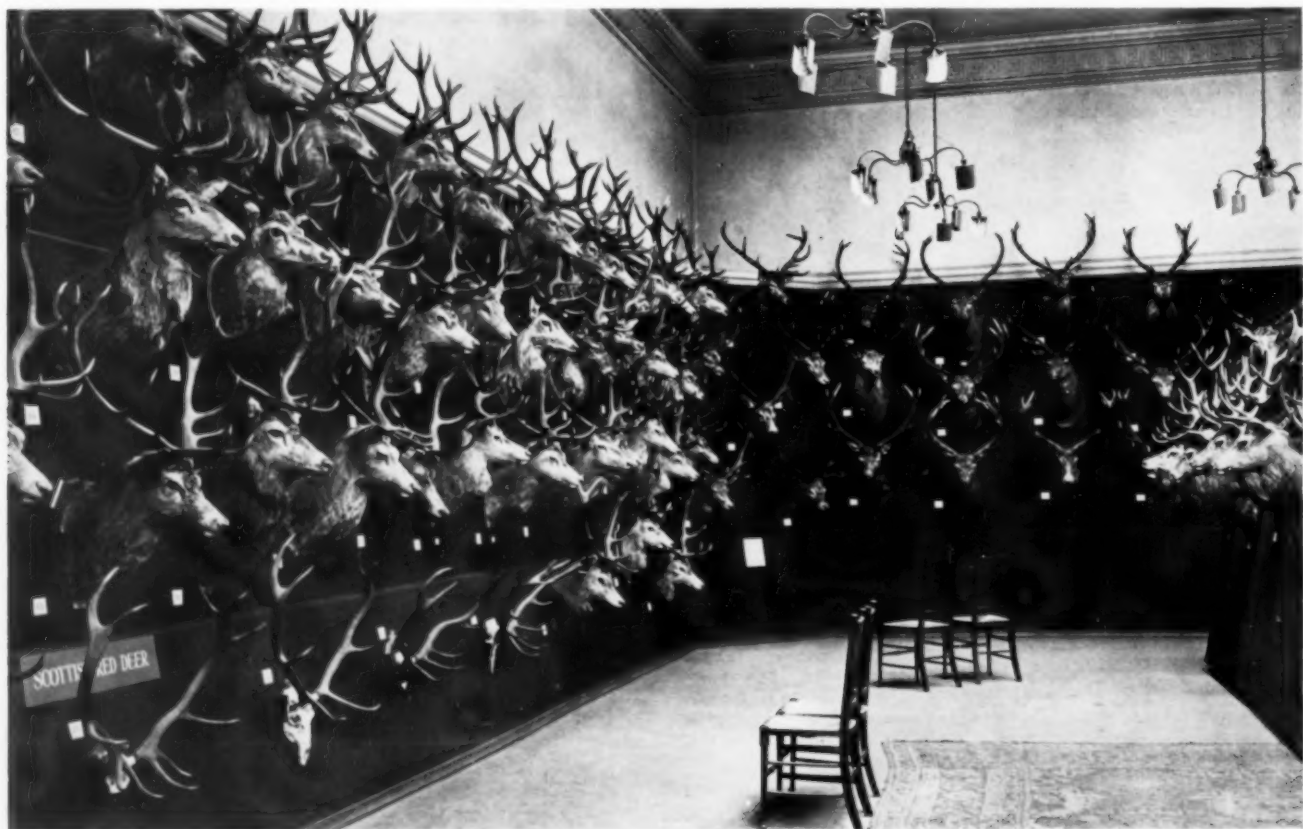


ROYAL KILLED AT BALMORAL, 1905.

Shot and lent by His Majesty the King.

which approach it in general style may be mentioned Mr. J. de Knoop's seven-pointer (No. 63). The horn is not of very unusual length; but in style and shape there are few heads in the show which surpass it. Another very beautiful head, and one which has been much admired, is Mr. Walter Jones' Meoble ten-pointer, killed in 1905 (No. 10). It would, however, occupy far too much space to continue enumerating the qualities of the various trophies. The Jura "cromies" make a very interesting display among the island heads. I have never heard any satisfactory explanation for these curious constant abnormalities. The stalkers say that the presence of goats on the island affects the subconscious mentality of the hinds, but this theory will probably be dismissed by those readers who have studied the subject. Cromies are in all likelihood due to insular confinement and in-breeding. A noteworthy point in connection with the two pairs of Vaynol shed antlers is their extraordinary similarity. I have little doubt that they came off the same stag's head.

Lord Powerscourt's antlers are dated 1899 and Mr. Whitaker's 1900. The tops of the left antler in each case are much palmated. Lord Brownlow's park head from Ashridge (No. 174) was put in an enclosure in November, when a fifteen-pointer, and fed on everything calculated to make horn growth. The following year he grew the fine head of twenty-one points exhibited. Not only are



PART OF THE EAST WALL.

the horns long, but their quality is first class. The points are wild and symmetrical, bearing some resemblance to (No. 15) the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's seventeen-pointer.

So much interest has been aroused by Lord Dillon's Jacobean heads that, through his kindness, I am enabled to give the inscriptions attached to the other four heads in his possession of about the same date:

1608. AUGUST 26. MONDAY.

King James made me to run for life,  
from Deadmans riding.  
I ran to Sorell Gate, where death for  
me was biding.

1608. AUGUST 27. TUESDAY.

The King pursue me fast from Grange  
coppice flying  
The King did hunt me living, the  
queens parke had me dying.

1610. AUGUST 24. FRIDAY.

The King and prince from Grange  
made me to make my race  
But death neere the queenes parke  
gave me a resting place.

1610. AUGUST 25TH. SATURSDAY.

From Foxhole driven, what could I  
doe, being lame? I fell  
Before the king and prince, neere  
Rosamond her well.

None of these inscriptions, however, quite comes up to the beauty of that on the 1608 head lent by Lord Dillon to the exhibition.

1608. AUGUST 24. SATURSDAY.

From Foxhole coppice roud, Great Britain's King I fled;  
But what? in Kiddington Pond he overtook me dead.

"But what?" is delicious. Lord Dillon tells me that from



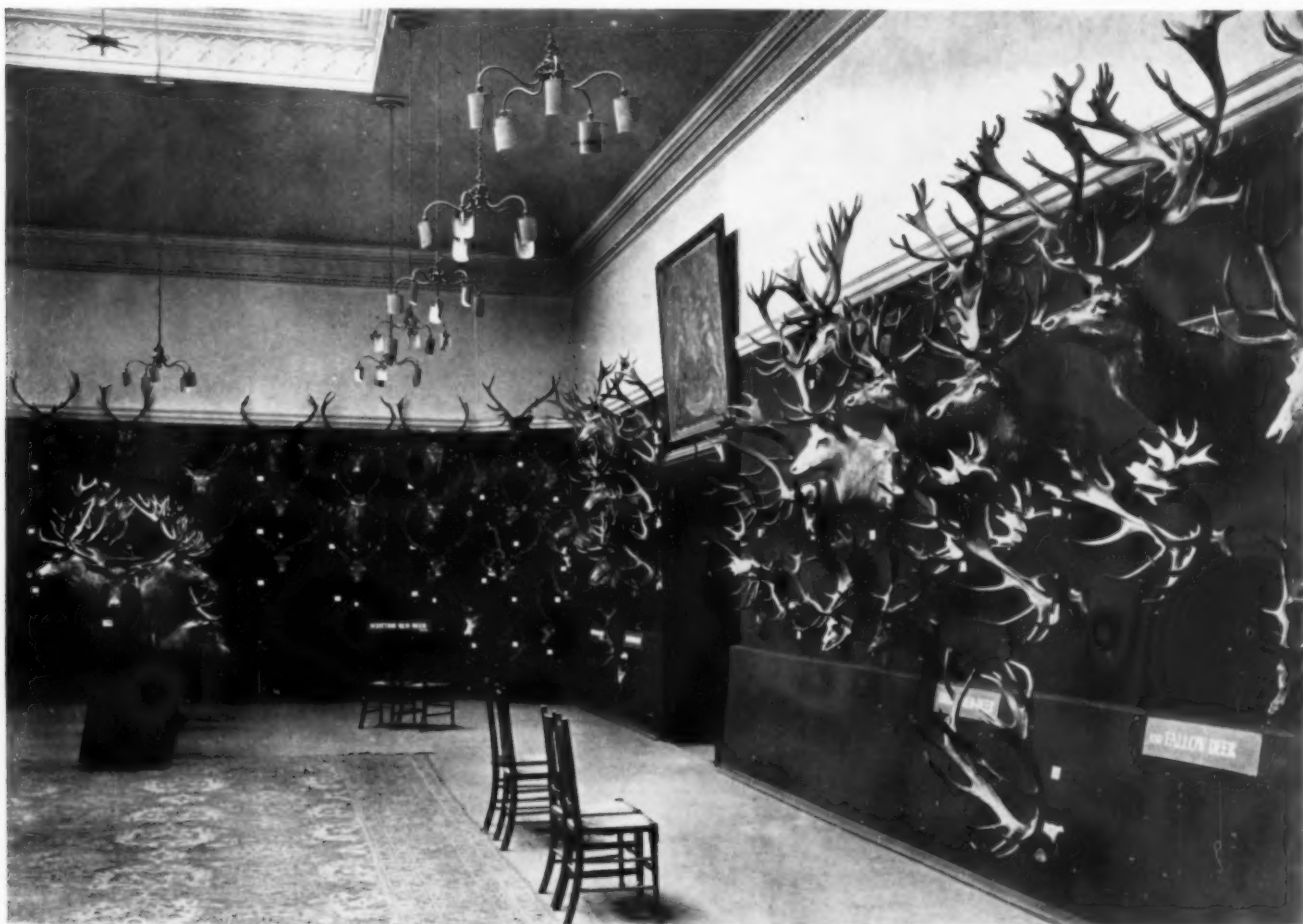
KINGS AND SONS OF KINGS

Colonists.

point to point no run exceeded six miles. Sir Henry Lee, K.G., was Ranger of Woodstock Park from 1580 onwards. He died in 1611. James I. and Prince Henry used often to visit him. "Queen Elizabeth," to quote Hearn, "had a particular delight in this place; for which reason she used to stay here weeks, nay months, together. Here she used to hunt and to enjoy herself."

The roe heads have been justly admired. Sir Josslyn Gore Booth's famous Lissadell head is the most remarkable, and certainly no such massive roe head has ever been grown by a British buck. This animal was found dead in Church Hill plantation, Lissadell, and is believed to have been killed fighting. His head carries twelve points. Several other twelve-point roe heads have been killed at various times, but the points are usually small and less massive, as in the eight-pointer (No. 190) lent by Mr. Eric Hervey. The roe at Lissadell were, I believe, imported from Scotland, and, so far as I am aware, are quite free from any German strain. That no such head as the twelve-pointer has ever been killed before or since is probably accounted for by the fact that he was one of the first beasts on ground particularly well adapted for the little deer. He

would have grown an unusual head anywhere. He lived under ideal conditions, hence the remarkable head exhibited. Such, at least, is a reasonable theory. Mr. C. Pelham Burn's Forfarshire roe head, killed in 1875, is one of the longest, if not the



PART OF THE WEST WALL.

longest, Scottish head. The length is 12½ in. The left brow has been broken and repaired. Beyond the fact that it was killed by a poacher I have no details of its history. Mr. H. M. Warrand's Ferintosh head of 1895 (No. 200) is a very fine specimen of beautiful shape, great roughness and good length. The Aldourie head, killed by Captain Allan Cameron in 1910, is one of the best roe shot in recent years. Another exceptional roe, killed in 1909, is No. 212, secured in Glenmoriston by Mr. J. E. Hamilton Leigh. The head killed in 1873 by W. Urquhart at Ferintosh has extraordinarily massive coronets. Mr. J. G.



SOME OF THE ROE-DEER HEADS.

Millais' seven roe heads are so well known and are of such unusual excellence that I do not propose to make any comment on them here. They are well illustrated in his beautiful book, which has taught me, and many others, much concerning the most attractive mammals we possess.

I should like to emphasise a point to which I have alluded previously. Mr. Pilkington's fifteen-pointer (No. 144), though classed as a semi-feral stag, is a pure Scottish stag by birth, and was enclosed for only a portion of his life. Mr. Lucas's Wyvis stag (No. 145) was born in Scotland, but spent his whole life in an English park.

FRANK WALLACE.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH it is contrary to our custom, we have read most carefully all the important reviews that have appeared of the excellent new edition of *The Works of Francis Thompson* (Burns and Oates). Very seldom has a poet been so highly praised, and surely never have writers been less successful in showing the grounds of their admiration. One can only account for this by the fact that an exterior interest has been imparted to the work of Mr. Thompson by the facts about his life. He was a Bohemian of Bohemians, and his biography is one to excite the pity of those who find their ideals in the conventional. Probably he would have thanked them very little for such compassion. Whatever life Francis Thompson led, he had the very great satisfaction of doing what he pleased. Indeed, those excellently chosen photographs which show him at various stages of his life give a better key to his mind than the remarks of all the commentators put together. His was a woeful kind of face. Power to any extent shines through the irregular features; but the characteristic that impresses itself most is that look of uncontrol. Here is the face of a man entirely undisciplined, and discipline in this instance does not express a title of what we mean. It is that which comes to a man who has tried to do difficult things, and in order to succeed has learned how to marshal and control his forces and how to apply them most effectively.

In the latest of the photographs wretchedness stares out, and yet the most pathetic of the three is that taken when the poet was at the age of nineteen. The flexible, melancholy lips and the eyes are those of one who was born to sadness, to failure as the world esteems failure. The speaking countenance is indeed that of a poet, but that of a poet run, or running, to seed. And when we take the verses which the ablest of the critics choose for quotation, we see evidence of this same want of concentrated effort coming out in his finest work.

"The Hound of Heaven" will do to illustrate our case as well as another. Nobody, as far as we know, has ever pointed out the extreme incongruity of the title. The word "hound" carries with it a meaning the exact opposite of that which Thompson meant to convey, and a more fastidious poet would have found a better title if it cost him weeks and months to do so. The verse itself contains almost everything verse should contain except that moderation which has been called divine. Tennyson would have filed it down to the proper texture. And the lack of taste it evinces may be seen in

many other pieces. Take the beginning, for example, of "The Poppy":

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,  
And left the flushed print in a poppy there;  
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,  
And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.

With burnt mouth, red like a lion's, it drank  
The blood of the sun as he slaughtered sank,  
And dipped its cup in the purpurate shine  
When the eastern conduits ran with wine.

Till it grew lethargied with fierce bliss,  
And hot as a swinked gipsy is,  
And drowned in sleepy savageries,  
With mouth wide a-pout for a sultry kiss.

It would be very easy to make a damaging verbal criticism of these verses, but far more effective than that is to place beside them a specimen of his better work. Take, for example, the companion poem, of which we quote the first three verses:

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—  
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea;  
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand  
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

Here the language is simple and clear, and the sweetness is that of the harebell on the windy hill. We seek in vain for such violent metaphors as abound in our first quotation:

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,  
And left the flushed print in a poppy there.

There are no phrases like "purpurate shine" and "lethargied with fierce bliss," or "sleepy savageries"; it runs on with the purl of a brook. And it is sad to reflect that Francis Thompson might have been continually like this if he had not been egged on by senseless admiration to attempt what he thought were higher flights.

For the poems with bad passages preponderate greatly over the others, making good the criticism that lack of control

and lack of the power of self-criticism were his two great defects. He was also circumscribed by the very definite religious opinions of the Roman Catholic Church. This is no place to argue for or against the doctrines of any Christian body; but it is a matter of historical fact that the greatest poets in their highest flights have soared beyond the teaching of any particular church. No one whose sayings are worthy of being recorded would assert that Shakespeare was not a religious poet; and yet it is impossible to name any section to which he belonged. Milton's loftiest flights leave his Puritanism on the ground beneath. Even Dante Alighieri, breathing theology as he did, rose above creed in all his great moments. Mr. Meynell, who edits this edition of Thompson, writes with extraordinary admiration of his prose as well as his verse; but this can only be a case of a too zealous friendship. No cool and dispassionate critic could possibly, on the strength of the pieces now republished, credit Francis Thompson with a high place in the ranks of English prose-writers.

#### A HAPPY TRAVELLER.

**The Mulberry Tree.** by Winifred James. (Chapman and Hall.)

THERE are people who read books of travel from choice and for recreation; there are others to whom maps and routes, the height of mountains and the course of rivers are the abomination of desolation. It is possible that the former, unappeased by Miss Winifred James' lively humour and charm of manner, may look upon her with a coldly critical eye as a person too little given to the dissemination of facts; the latter will undoubtedly welcome *The Mulberry Tree* as a volume, even though it be of travel, written by one of their own kind and after their own heart. It is true that Miss James commits the initial error (in the opinion of such readers) of supplying her book with a map of the West Indies, but, no later than her first paragraph, they will forgive her even this: "Centuries and centuries ago, in an existence when a calm and gentle pleasure lay in the chewing of pinatere strings, and ecstasies grew in jam jars, a mulberry tree in the fruit garden fell. At that moment I began to travel." Who could forbear to follow the course of a journey so auspiciously begun? "Knowledge of geography I have none," declares Miss James, with lighthearted unconcern, "for no place has any meaning to me till I have actually seen it," and those who share her sentiments, if not her courage in declaring them, will follow her gladly through nearly three hundred pages in which life and humanity take untailing precedence of places and statistics. Miss James' high spirits are infectious, her observation is keenly penetrating and its results chronicled in a style of easy unconventionality, while her sense of humour is pervading and graced with the kindred characteristic of a large charity.

#### NOVELS

**An Average Man.** by Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson.)

"AN AVERAGE MAN" is a steady, continuous record of small events; it suggests a limited outlook and a critical faculty overmuch concerned with the non-essential and ignoble in the characters portrayed. There is not a likeable, or even bearable, man or woman in the book; it is also impossible to look upon the hero as an average man, unless the average man is of less account than we thought him to be. It is difficult to say whether Percy Brandreth-Smith is more objectionable before or after his translation to the minutely described privileges of an altered position which his mother's accession from genteel poverty to the possession of Marston Park, a house in Wilton Crescent and an income of ten thousand a year brings about. There are incidents which strike us as singularly infelicitous, such as the young man's uncertainty as to whether he should address Gladys Farham as "Miss," the detailed analysis of his attitude towards his mother's servants, the sorry spiritual vulgarity of the youth's letter in which Gladys Farham is renounced. All this continued harping on non-essentials is wearisome and petty and unworthy of an author who has shown he has far better things to say.

**The Inside of the Cup.** by Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)

THE trend of this novel is mainly in the direction of religious discussion. The characters are very much preoccupied with the condition of their souls and consciences. This is not extraordinary or unusual in a century and among a generation that refuses to take things for granted and insists upon convincing proofs and solid facts. Mr. Winston Churchill has a strong personality in John Hodder, the new Rector of St. John's, and it is to his credit that we feel considerable sympathy with the young clergyman who is portrayed in a guise that was not always acceptable to the *habitués* of his new charge. Hodder has some difficult situations to negotiate, once he has been installed; but these fade before the position in which he finds himself when he discovers the rascality of the banker, Eldon Parr, and the ruin that pillar of the church has spread in his wake. Parr is a scoundrel, but a pathetic one in his isolation. John Hodder, sincerely drawn to the man from the first, finds himself eventually forced to tackle him on ground where he must be ignominiously beaten. The novel is a long one, packed with discussion, and written with the utmost carefulness and in no controversial spirit. The characterisation is vigorous; there is breadth in the outlook of the author and assured skill in the handling of his theme.

**The Honour of the Clintons.** by Archibald Marshall. (Stanley Paul.) THERE is a peculiar satisfaction to be extracted from a novel like *The Honour of the Clintons*. Good, sound, capable work is to be found here, the gift of discrimination and a leisured and agreeable style. Though there is a well managed plot and the book does not lack for quiet incident, it is on the character of the Squire of Kencote that Mr. Marshall has expended his greatest pains, and to excellent purpose. With no apparent effort to secure that end, the author yet succeeds in throwing up the figure of Clinton very cleverly against the background of the lives in whose arrangement he claims the right to have an unquestioned say. A small deity in his own little corner of Kencote, Clinton, generous, kindly but autocratic, rules sons and daughters and daughters-in-law with well-intentioned

despotism. Hating modern innovations, scorning a lax moral and social code, turning his back on outsiders, there comes into his life an unsuspected, unmerited disgrace, and with that disgrace the temptation to dishonourably cover up what has occurred; and here Mr. Marshall brings out very effectively the stuff of which the Squire is made, without sentiment or prejudice. It is a clean, healthy novel, maintaining well the traditions of an admirable type.

**One Woman's Life.** by Robert Herrick. (Mills and Boon.)

VERY clever, though not particularly sympathetic, is this study of a woman. Milly Ridge is the daughter of a small commercial traveller, and at the story's opening we are introduced to the family of three—Milly, her father and her grandmother—settling into their new home in Chicago. Milly has had dreams, and these 212, West Laurence Avenue fails to realise; but she is a young woman who knows her own mind and what it is she wants, and very quickly she sets about to get it. That Grandmother Ridge does not see eye to eye with her ambitious and determined opponent is a filip to Milly's energies rather than the reverse, and soon little insignificant, unsuccessful Horatio Ridge is ousted from one place after another at the bidding of Milly's social ambitions. Clever, detached and ruthless is the picture of Milly's progress, and the story of her brief married life with the young artist she sacrifices to her absorbing ego. Perhaps after Jack Bragdon's death the interest fails somewhat; certainly the evolution of the Cake Shop and the intrusion of Ernestine strike an unreal note. Grandma Ridge is a delicate piece of portraiture which stands out with curious distinctness, in spite of the rarity of her appearances; and Horatio is a pathetic example of the ineffective commonplace.

#### CHAMPIONS AT BRISTOL.

THE Agricultural Show at Bristol opened under the pleasantest conditions, and the attendance was very good, and included a great number of foreign and colonial visitors, many of whom had come to buy. The King did exceptionally well. He won the championship for the best shorthorn cow or heifer with Windsor Belle, from the Windsor herd, and he also won two first prizes, a fourth, a fifth and a reserve in the shorthorn division. In the Devons two first prizes were awarded to His Majesty, a second, third and reserves for the championship. From Sandringham he sent Dexter cattle, Southdown sheep and Berkshire pigs, and was successful with all of them. The principal championships were as follows:

In horses the gold medal for the best shire stallion went to Mr. F. W. Griffin's Rowington Dray King, and the gold medal for the best mare or filly to Mr. J. G. William's Halstead Duchess VII. The champion prize for the best Clydesdale stallion was won by W. Dunlop with The Dunure, and Mr. S. Mitchell won the championship for the best Clydesdale mare with Nannie. Captain Clive Behrens showed the champion hunter filly in Heather III., and Mr. H. Shiers the best mare in Beechnut II. The best hackney stallion was Mr. W. W. Rycroft's Hopwood King, and the best mare Mr. E. Bewley's Woodhatch Sunflower. The gold medal for the best polo and riding pony mare was won by Sir W. Gilbey with Sparkling Crocus, and for the best polo and riding pony stallion by the Keynsham Stud Company with White Wings.

In cattle, the King won the championship for the best shorthorn cow, and the best shorthorn bull was Mr. George Campbell's Woodend Stamp. The best shorthorn dairy cow was Captain A. Wills' Ringlet IX. Mr. J. G. Cook-Hill won the championship for the best Hereford cow with Shelsley Primula, and Mr. H. W. Taylor's Quarto was the best Hereford bull. Mr. L. H. Alford's Horridge Belle won the championship for the best Devon cow, and Mrs. A. C. Skinner and Son won that for the best Devon bull with Pound Cowboy. In each of these classes the King was runner-up for the championship. The silver medal for the best Sussex cow was awarded to Mr. W. A. Thornton's Lock Heedless III., and for the best Sussex bull to Mr. W. G. Fladgate's Apsley Albert II. The best Red Poll cow was found in Mr. G. H. Wilson's Charming Davy XII., and Sir Ailwyn Fellowes' Honingham Alcester was the best Red Poll bull. Lord Allendale won the championship for the best Aberdeen-Angus with Elmhore, while that for the best Aberdeen-Angus of the opposite sex to previous winner went to Mr. G. D. Faber's Itala. Mr. A. Miller Hallett won the championship for the best Jersey cow with La Franchise III., and for the best Jersey bull with Gondington Winks. The challenge cup for the best Kerry went to Mr. L. Currie's Minley Mistress, and the King was awarded the challenge cup for the best Dexter.

In sheep, Mr. C. Adeane won the gold medal for the best Southdown ram, and the King was awarded the silver medal for the best Southdown ewes or ewe lambs. The prize for the best Hampshire Down ram lamb, pen of ram lambs or ewe lambs was awarded to Mr. H. C. Stephens. Sir E. Hambro won the silver medal for the best Dorset Horn sheep. The prize for the best Lincoln ram went to the executors of Mr. H. Dudding, and they were also awarded the challenge cup for the best group of one ram and three ewes. The challenge cup for the best Border Leicester ram or ewe went to Messrs. R. G. Murray and Son; and Mr. R. Kenward won the champion prize for the best Kent or Romney Marsh ram.

# CORRESPONDENCE.

## SIR ALBERT ROLLIT ON SPANISH BULL-FIGHTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I care nothing for the arena, but the history of the bulls when not in action interests me much, as did your article. When last in Seville, a friend took me to the chief pasture of the bulls, some few miles from the city, through one of the principal boulevards, with small plantations and gardens of shrubs running along its centre. The bulls were in a large paddock, and quite at large, for they know nothing of ropes or chains during their lifetime. This paddock we entered, with our lives in our hands, as we stood some fifty paces from them; but they are kept within a cordon by tame oxen, which, if a bull attempted to escape, at once prevented his doing so, acting as a species of bovine police, and that most skilfully and effectively. We were therefore safe, and meantime my friend discussed the bulls, their breeds and their various qualities, as we should those of the horses in the paddock at a race-meeting. "That one," he said, "would assuredly fight bravely, another might or might not do so, but if he did it would be done splendidly, a third might refuse," and so on. The night before the spectacle in the bull-ring at Seville the bulls are driven, still quite at large, by picadors along the boulevards, internixed with the oxen and restrained only by them. On my asking if there must not be danger to the public using the boulevard, the reply was that occasionally a bull might hide in the bushes of the central gardens and fall foul of a workman in the morning; but such incidents did not appear to be regarded as matters of much importance compared with the popularity of the national amusement. At times many of the aristocracy and others, of both sexes, ride on horseback in advance of the bulls, which is regarded as fine, but rather dangerous, sport. When, at or near midnight, the bulls thus enter the bull-ring, the scene is one of great turmoil, noise and excitement. In rush the driven animals, bulls and oxen, helter-skelter, a motley crowd of men and beasts, a veritable pandemonium beneath the sky to which the ring is open. The last scene is the most interesting of all. Stables with open doors encompass the arena, in front of each of which is a sliding door and at the back a lighted lantern. These lanterns the bulls make for one after another, smashing them and extinguishing the lights; and, as each light is observed by an attendant to be put out, he slips down the door of the stable and the bull is thus engaged and ready for the Spanish holiday of the morrow. Successively the lights disappear, and when all are out and the doors of the stables closed, the police-oxen are driven out of the bull-ring, to return to their more peaceful paddocks and to render similar service to other bulls and other devotees of the bull-ring.—A. ROLLIT.

## RURAL HOUSING AND THE LANDOWNERS: PRIVATE ENTERPRISE AND THE STATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne, in his pronouncement on The Land Policy, stated his belief that financial assistance would be necessary if the housing problem in the villages is effectively to be solved, and in criticising this pronouncement COUNTRY LIFE suggests to Lord Lansdowne that "it would be much more generous, and in the end far wiser and more economical, if Lord Lansdowne would say to the class to which he belongs: 'This building of cottages for agricultural labourers is our business. We are not going to be mere receivers of rent, but must justify our existence by the part we play in the rural economy.' The landlord should equip his own estate and not depend upon external assistance." There are two important questions involved in this suggestion: Is it justifiable to expect landowners to supply dwellings for the labourers on their estates? Could the rural housing problem be effectively solved in this direction? Any discussion on the first question depends very largely upon the conception which is formed as to the actual position of the agricultural labourer; is he simply part of the equipment, of the estate or does he fill some definite sphere in the national polity? If he is part of the equipment then the landowner should house him as he houses his horse or the cattle upon his farm; but if the labourer's sphere is of a wider fulfilment, then he is entitled to a wider conception for his treatment; men and cattle can hardly be discussed from the same standpoint. If, then, we conceive of agricultural labourers no longer in a feudal spirit but in a similar manner to other workers for wages, as an essential raw material for the production of wealth, then the argument that the employé should house his workers could, with equal force, be applied to all industrial occupations. I heard this contention seriously advanced the other day at a gathering of influential authorities on rural matters, when it was contended that the State should build cottages for its Old Age Pensioners, the Post Office for its employees, and the County Councils for the men employed upon the roads. This is, unfortunately, an argument which can be carried to the point of extreme absurdity. Every citizen is entitled to the opportunity of acquiring a roof to shelter him, and it is then surely the duty of the State to see that this opportunity is forthcoming. The term "generous" is, indeed, the only one which could be applied to the suggestion that landowners should supply the dearth of cottages. It is often urged that landowners are by no means a wealthy section of the community, and that land-owning of itself is not a lucrative business unless urban sites are held in conjunction with rural estates; it is also stated that the chief error of landowners and farmers lies in the uneconomic methods followed by both of them. If this is correct, it is surely unwise to suggest any scheme which is likely to perpetuate this uneconomic system, and what is more uneconomic than the erection of cottages on large estates under the system of agriculture in vogue to-day?

The present scarcity of cottages is due to the fact that they cannot possibly be built to let at a rental which the agricultural labourer can pay, and any cottages built at the present time to let at a rental of less than four shillings or four shillings and sixpence a week entail a loss to the owner. It therefore follows that when a landowner builds cottages for his labourers he must still further burden his estate. It may be generous for him to do this, but it is not a sound business undertaking, and therefore should, surely, not be encouraged. If the labourer could pay an economic rent the position would be different, but until then it is neither wise nor expedient to rely upon the landowners to house an important section of the labouring population. There is a decided feeling among many landowners and farmers that the tied cottage is not a wholly satisfactory system; it is necessary to have some cottages on the estate for cattle-men

and horse-men, but it is felt that too wide an extension makes the labourer too dependent upon his employer, that it hinders his independence, cramps his initiative and prevents the natural and effective fluidity of labour. This proposal would enormously increase the number of cottages tied to the farm, and would thus augment the evils that are stated to accrue. The question now arises whether the rural housing problem could be solved if the large landowners were to house their own men, or would still further action be necessary before a definite and complete solution would be attained. Great landowners employ but a comparatively small number of all the labourers upon the land, and the housing problem is not confined to these men alone. There are many farmers whose holdings are upon small estates, and who have but two or three men in regular employ; these men experience great difficulty in finding homes, and there are also a very large number of inhabitants of the village who are not employed upon any particular estate and for whom accommodation would not be provided under this scheme. It is not always realised what a comparatively small percentage of the population in any village comes technically under the classification of agricultural labourer. I have but lately had completed a census of occupations in a village of some six hundred inhabitants, and the result is extremely instructive. There are ninety-five working men in the village, and these men are engaged in the following occupations:

Farm labourers .. ..	41	Gardeners .. ..	16
Builders' labourers .. ..	14	Coachmen and grooms ..	7
Roadmen .. ..	7	Mill hands .. ..	5
Chauffeurs .. ..	2	Indoor man .. ..	1
Coal carter .. ..	1	Baker's man .. ..	1

It appears from this return that less than fifty per cent. of the male workers are agricultural labourers, and, as several piece-workers are included in the forty-one, the number of men actually employed on specific estates is still less. If therefore, the demand for cottages by all those inhabitants of the villages who are not employed on the big estates is to be met, some further building would undoubtedly be required. The problem of housing in the villages is one of great national importance, and as such should undoubtedly be dealt with on broad lines and by far-reaching proposals for reform, and, as it is extremely doubtful whether the landowners themselves could solve the problem, it will probably be found both necessary and advisable to adopt the suggestion of Lord Lansdowne and others that the State should assist where private enterprise has so completely failed.—HUGH ARONSON.

[This letter is referred to in our "Country Notes."—ED.]

## AN URGENT APPEAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It has come to my knowledge that Mr. Henry Cannell, whose name has been so long familiar to us in connection with the nurseries at Swanley and Eynsford, is now in very straitened circumstances indeed, and I should be very glad if something can be done to assist him in his most unfortunate position. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cannell are eighty years of age, and the latter has been confined to her bed for the past three years. So sad are the circumstances that they are both in receipt of the Old Age Pension, which at present is all they have to depend upon, and I understand there is no hope of their ever receiving anything from the sale of the business, which is now in the market. Mr. Cannell will probably be an applicant for the pension of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution, but the election will not take place until January next, and any sum which can be raised to relieve their immediate wants would therefore be doubly acceptable. I shall be very pleased to receive any contributions, which you may rely on being used to the best possible advantage for both husband and wife.—HARRY J. VEITCH, the Royal Exotic Nurseries, Chelsea.

## GOLD-FISH WITH FUNGUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing in COUNTRY LIFE, May 24th, about gold-fish being cured of fungus, I have six gold-fish in the basin of a fountain about three yards in diameter, supplied with water from a spring, which is turned on almost every day. The largest fish, about seven inches long, and fat, has a cloudy mist round it. Is this fungus? If so, I should like to try and cure it. Should I take it away from the others? And do I give the snails to it alive and the shrimps in their jackets, like they come from the fishmonger? I generally feed them on crumbs of bread and biscuits and ants' eggs. I was told yesterday to take the fish out and wash it in methylated spirits or paraffin. I do not quite like to do this; I am afraid I might kill the fish. Perhaps some of your readers would give me the benefit of their advice?—E. A. WOOD.

[The fish certainly appear to be suffering from fungus. If the fountain is very shadeless and exposed to the sun, this would aggravate the trouble. It should be partially shaded, and the water should be allowed to flow for some time every day in warm weather. We have never heard of methylated spirit, or paraffin being used as a remedy, but the fish should be isolated and put in a spacious tank or clean tub by itself. Before doing so, wash it in a fairly strong solution of Condy's fluid—that is to say, quite a red solution. Do not overdo the breadcrumbs, and always bake them well before giving to the fish. The shrimps referred to were fresh-water ones, which should be given alive. There is sometimes great difficulty in getting fish affected with this troublesome complaint to eat at all, and if they can be induced to feed well, they stand a much better chance of recovery. The biscuit and ants' eggs are quite right.—ED.]

## A LATE LAYER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have a tame magpie that is now nineteen years old—we know the age, as it was given to my son when he was four years old, and he is now twenty-three. The magpie has the run of the garden, but is always shut in a cage at night. About the middle of May it began collecting sticks and dirt in the cage, and on June 3rd it laid an egg, and followed on to June 17th, when it laid the last and seventh egg. It had never laid an egg before; in fact, we did not know it was a hen bird. I am writing this as I think it must be a very unusual occurrence for a bird of that age. We have three of the eggs, but four were broken in the cage.—J. T. ATKINS.

## PIGEONS AT ROCHESTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I thought the enclosed photograph might interest some of your readers, as illustrating a scene often witnessed in streets and parks abroad, but perhaps not so often seen in our English public gardens; it was taken a few days ago at Rochester Castle. In the grounds surrounding the castle there are several hundreds of pigeons; these, showing no trace of their natural shyness, readily came and pecked Indian corn from our hands. The pigeons make their nests in the numerous nooks and crannies of the four fine old square battlemented towers of the castle and rear countless progeny. Here they pursue their domestic avocations regardless of the continual passing to and fro of interested people, who come poking and prying, sometimes into their very nests, to see names and inscriptions carved in the wonderful old stonework. As I stood on the old ground floor of the castle, the happy, contented "coo-cooing" of the pigeons made me feel as though I was in a huge wood where hundreds of these birds were nesting in the trees, and not as though I was in the middle of a town.—B. W.



IN THE GROUNDS OF ROCHESTER CASTLE.

## A HOUSE-LEEK SUPERSTITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A friend of mine is seriously unhappy because her house-leek is blossoming; it is said to be a sign of death in the household. Will any of your correspondents kindly give the various superstitions attached to this uncanny plant, and also say if their house-leeks have blossomed without ill results? Unfortunately, when mine did there was a death.—DEVON.

## "A PLAGUE OF SLUGS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps my experience in dealing with a plague of slugs may be useful to your correspondent. When I came here in the autumn of 1907 I found the garden badly infested with slugs from the largest to the most minute. Needless to say, I found it well-nigh impossible to grow flowers from seeds sown in the open, and that the damage to vegetables, etc., was almost heartbreaking. Three years ago I had occasion to make certain alterations, and among them I had made a circular water tank with a good deal of stone paving round it. This was laid down as rubble and filled in with sea-sand. It occurred to me (as I had some of this sea-sand left unused) to dig it into the borders, hoping that the salt which remained with it might prove unacceptable to the slugs. The result has been entirely satisfactory. Where the sand has been used there are now no slugs, and in time my garden, I feel sure, will be practically free of them.—SALISBURY T. M. PRICE, Tintinhull, Martock, S.O., Somerset.

## SHELL-FISH IN THE SCILLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in the issue of your paper of June 28th an account of shell-fishing at Selsey. The same is carried on to a large extent in the Scilly Isles; in fact, this and the early flower and potato growing form the three chief industries of the islands by which the inhabitants gain their livelihood. The pots are first



MAKING A LOBSTER POT.

put out about May or as soon as the weather permits, as, if it is very stormy, the pots are so likely to get washed away and dashed to pieces on the rocks. This industry is by no means light work, as it often entails starting at three or four o'clock in the morning, according to the tides, many of the pots being six or seven miles out to sea, and in very calm weather, when sailing is impossible, it means a good long pull and hauling about fifty or sixty pots at the end. Then, when home is reached, the bait for the following day has to be caught. Crabs, lobsters and crayfish are caught in large quantities. The two latter are sent to

France, as a much better market is obtained there than in England. A boat comes over once a week to St. Mary's (the chief island) to fetch them. The other islanders have to bring theirs over in their boats. During the week the "catch" is kept in a "carb," or store-box, which is placed in the sea. The crabs are sent to England.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

## AN UNUSUAL PET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a dingo which is now in my possession. It is now seven and three-quarter months old, and I have had it four months.



WHEN THE WILD IS TAMED.

Ever since I have had it I have found it a very affectionate and obedient creature. The second day I had it I let it off the chain, and ever since then it has been allowed to run about loose, and follows me about just like a dog. I feel sure that the photograph will be of interest to you.—B. C. B.

## THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On May 6th, 1843, there was a large Free Trade meeting in the County Hall, Aylesbury; Lord Nugent was in the chair and Richard Cobden made a capital speech. To counteract this a dinner was given two days later to Lord Stanhope, a follower of Peel in his earlier and Tory days. Lord Stanhope is more familiar to us as Lord Mahon, and wrote that "History of the War of the Succession in Spain" which was the theme of one of Macaulay's mildest criticisms—so mild, indeed, that he could finally dismiss Lord Mahon by assuring him that "whatever dislike we may feel for his political opinions, we shall always meet him with pleasure on the neutral ground of literature." It so happens that we have some account of this dinner from Alexander Somerville, no unworthy disciple of old Cobbett, like him, a red-hot Radical, and if not such an easy writer of excellent English, at least master of a racy style. The various papers which he collected under the title of his *nom de guerre*, "The Whistler at the Plough" (1852), include one which opens with a description of Aylesbury on that wet May 8th—"Wet, weary, unsold and unsaleable, stood the ox tribe of all breeds, all ages, and all lengths of horn. The sheep, though not numerous, returned to whence they came. The horses, though inspired by the cracking of the whips, the whooping of chanters, and the presence of little bits of ginger, kicked about, changing places in the market, but in only a few instances changing masters." The farmers who had come from the eastern parts of Bucks "adhered to the old topics of unhappiness and want, and went no further than Peel and broken promises; but all those from the west of Aylesbury were full of a new subject": Van Amburgh had been to Buckingham, Thame, Banbury and Oxford, and they had all been to see him. The conversations overheard by "The Whistler," which always display him at his best, give a realistic picture. A tradesman who had attended the Free Trade meeting remarks that: "Cobden seems to be an exceedingly plain and simple man, yet very clear and forcible"; while a Western farmer is heard to say: "Ah! that wur a grand turn out,

wur it not? Eight on'em all alike, cream-coloured; eight on'em all in hand, going like lambs—my precious eye! but it wur grand." The talk goes on in that confused way in which such chance-heard remarks do mingle: "The farmers be always sacrificed. Let the promises be what they may; made by whom they will, the farmers are cheated. I say landlords be all alike; Governments and Prime Ministers all alike, all tarred with one stick, as the saying is; all of 'em look to themselves and only serve us with pretences." "Now, for my part, I don't think it be he as I seed at Drury Lane Theatre at all. This chap do little more than show us how he drives along the road. I think he should be called Van Humbug, what do you think?" "The League won't do much among the farmers, let 'em say as they will. Farmers see too clearly what the object of them Leaguers be to be caught with chaff." And so the conversation goes on; a few complaints about Peel and the Tariff, a few fears about Cobden and the League, and three times as many accounts of the sayings and doings of Van Amburgh and his lions. One-half suspects that the dinner may have been a success from the Protectionist point of view, because Somerville (who would always take care that the "Whigdogs" did not have the worst of it) merely enlarges upon the exclusiveness of Lord Stanhope in dining at a separate table, waited on by his own flunkies. He concludes by saying: "Besides two or three gentlemen whose rank as landholders entitled them to sit near the person of his Lordship, he had Dr. Sleigh of Brill House, and John Bell of the Bucks Herald, once of the 'fierce democracy,' who, being able to make speeches, were admitted into the circle from which were arranged to proceed, and did proceed, all the 'hear hears,' the 'yaw yaws,' and the 'yees yees.'" The whirligig of time is bringing about its revenges most curiously just now, for the League of to-day is trying to upset Cobden's work, and, like that other League, it is thought that it "won't do much among the farmers, let 'em say as they will." To Somerville Protection benefited nobody, unless it were the landlord. The seventy years which have passed since that Aylesbury dinner have brought entirely new factors into the question of which he could not dream,

yet much which he had to say deserves to be reprinted nowadays for the benefit of those who see the only salvation of the English farmer to lie in the imposition of a Tariff.—G. E. E.

#### A CUCKOO'S EGG IN A RING-OUSEL'S NEST.

TO THE EDITOR.  
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a ring-ousel's nest which was found in a bank in Aire-dale on June 10th, containing three of the bird's own eggs and also that of a cuckoo. As the ring-ousel usually lays four



IN THE RING-OUSEL'S NEST.

eggs, and clutches of five are occasionally met with, the cuckoo had probably ejected one to make room for her own contribution.—J. H. P.

#### WITCHES' BROOM ON SCOTS PINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I was walking in the woods near Minehead the other day, I came across a Scots pine with an extraordinary growth on the top. I venture to enclose a photograph of it, as I have never seen anything like it. Perhaps you may be able to explain how it came about. I thought that, being rather peculiar, it might be of sufficient interest to find a place in your paper.—THEODORE F. TWIST.

[The accompanying illustration of a dense, mop-like growth of branches terminating the head of a Scots pine (*Pinus sylvestris*) directs attention to a peculiar condition of growth which, with various modifications, occurs occasionally on a great variety of trees. The most familiar examples of this kind of branching are the bunches of contorted, twiggy growths, bearing some resemblance to crows' nests, which frequently occur on the common birch and are usually referred to as "witches' brooms." The condition is less frequent on

pinus, but it is not uncommon, and as a rule the brooms grow larger on pines than on birches. The growths are not restricted to Scots pines, but occur on others also. Some brooms are due, in the first place, to irritation, brought about by insect agency, while at other times fungus has brought about the change. In all cases the condition is due to an abnormal development of adventitious buds, and a counterpart is found in the development of burrs on the trunks of trees. In many instances where the brooms or burrs have attained a large size, no trace

of the original irritant can be found, the abnormal development going on automatically after it has once started. Brooms occur on birch, hornbeam, beech, cherry, hawthorn, lime, larch, cupressus, pine, etc. The large brooms usually occur as more or less isolated specimens and cause no serious injury to the trees, but there is one broom-like growth which attacks the buds of the birch and does considerable harm. This is caused by an insect closely related to the black currant mite, and a badly infected tree is easily noticed by the branchlets being covered with short, stunted growths. Eventually a tree so affected is killed if steps are not taken, by spraying during April and May, to kill the insects. The photograph sent by Mr. Twist shows a very fine example of witches' broom.—Ed.]



MISPLACED ENERGY OF GROWTH.

#### BUILDING BY-LAWS AT CARDIFF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the leading article of your issue of the 21st inst. I notice that reference is made to a past controversy in your columns regarding the by-laws affecting the erection of houses or cottages suitable for the accommodation of the working classes, and also to the great difficulty experienced in Cardiff in that respect at the present time. As a councillor of the city, I am greatly interested in this matter, and it would be of the greatest assistance to me to learn your own views and those which were expressed by your contributors. Briefly, we find that existing conditions have practically forced the speculative builder to abstain from erecting the class of property in question, with the result that the city council is forced to consider the proposition of building upon its own land in order to meet the shortage. I am personally averse to a step of this kind, because, although the present proposition only deals with some thirty houses, the adoption of the principle amid rapid local development must eventually lead to an immense responsibility. I think a judicious relaxation of the existing by-laws, and an attempt to induce the owners of suitable sites to agree to less exacting conditions, might very well open the door for the ordinary builder, thus achieving the desired result without incurring the responsibility. The

matter will be fully discussed at a meeting of the city council on July 14th.  
—W. FRANCIS GRAVES.

#### A WORKER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The photograph now enclosed is, I think, a worthy example of pluck and perseverance on the part of the subject depicted. The old fellow, who is well known in the locality, applied to me recently, and is now busily engaged in breaking stone for concrete foundations. During the past week he reduced some fifteen tons from the size of the blocks shown to the small pieces alongside. Considering he is now in his eighty-third year, I trust you may consider him worthy to rank in COUNTRY LIFE.—H. P. HOPKINS.



AT EIGHTY-THREE.